# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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### BY THE SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. SARAH A. COREY.

Beyond those sunset bars of gold,
Which light the waves of the purple sea,
Near the crystal river, the pearly gate,
I know you are watching and waiting for me.

Not weary, not fearful, for Time with you
Is never measured by lingering years,
And the golden points on the dial's face
Are only numbered by smiles, not tears.

To-night as I walk on the lonely shore,
And list to the mournful surge's beat,
I think of the music that falls on your ear,
Of the beautiful blossoms that lie at your feet.

And 'tis joy to know that no grief of mine
Can darken a brow so bright and fair;
Yet I sometimes fancy my spirit can feel
A gleam from the glorious radiance there.

My boat lies drifting on yonder wave,
The boatman is waiting upon the shore:
His call of warning I soon shall hear,
And the soft, low plash of his ready oar.

"Oh, bear me safely, your arm is strong,
Till the walls of the pearly gate I see;
Then farewell, boatman, your task is done,
There is no more watching and waiting for me.

## THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

### A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.


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### CHAPTER XII.

NEW TROUBLES.

Whoever has passed the night in a sick chamber, where constant vigilance has been required, is aware how difficult it is at times, in the solemn stillness, to keep the senses on the alert. However wakeful the watcher may be at first, and however firmly resolved that the drowsy god shall not approach and take him from his guard, he almost invariably finds himself arousing with a start from a nodding dream; and then, while in the very act of fortifying himself against a repetition of the same, he again yields to the somniferous influence.

Such was the case with Henry Colburn. For the first hour or so he easily kept awake, thinking over the strange and wonderful events of the day, and watching the uncouth and fantastic shadows that the flickering fire-light caused to dance on the ceiling and walls of that old hovel, and which gradually changed to darker and more grotesque shapes, along with a deeper surrounding gloom, as the blaze became gradually weaker and weaker, till they finally disappeared as the last flame expired over the glowing embers. There was more wood on the hearth; but the night was far from being cold, and the room was already uncomfortably warm, and so Henry resolved to only now and then put on a small stick, not for heat, but merely for the purpose of keeping the place from settling into a deep and fearful darkness. But while thinking about doing this—yet delaying it from minute to minute, for fear of awaking Isaline, whom he now believed to be asleep—he lost himself.

He awoke with a start, as if from the sensation left by some horrible dream which he could not remember. It seemed to him that his eyes had been closed only for a moment; and yet, by the dull embers and almost total darkness of the place, he knew it had been a long, long time for a sentinel to have been neglecting his duty—perhaps an hour—perhaps more. He turned his eyes toward the corner where his strange host had retired to rest, and, with a feeling of horror that made his hair stand, he dimly saw the shadowy figure of Methoto standing upright and having something in his hands which looked like a rifle.

Was his host's sleeping then a mere pretence? and his whole object murder? Perhaps he wished to return to the Indians again, and desired to take them a white scalp as a peace-offering! Or again, as Isaline had suggested, perhaps his design was to kill her protector to get possession of herself!

But what was to be done, to save himself and her? To start up suddenly, and attempt to defend himself, would only be to hasten his doom; while by keeping perfectly quiet, he would first know if his suspicions were well founded, and, if so, might find some opportunity to take his adversary at advantage. If the white Indian really did intend to kill him, it was hardly reasonable to suppose he would shoot him while believing him to be asleep; but would probably make the attempt first with his knife or tomahawk, having his rifle ready in case of need; and as he himself had his own knife in his belt, perhaps he might, by waiting for his opportunity, take the other by surprise and use it with fatal effect: so he remained still, but keenly on the watch.

Presently the grim, shadowy figure came slowly and stealthily toward him; and with a motion imperceptible in the deep gloom, Henry drew his knife from its sheath and quietly prepared himself for a tiger-like spring. Nearer and still nearer came the dread host, and with a step so light that it could not be heard. When within a few feet of him, Henry could see that it was indeed his rifle which he had in his hand; and the fear that he really intended to use it, made him secretly tremble, brave though he was; but now, to his great relief, the host stopped and rested the weapon against the wall, and then went quietly to a corner of the hearth and sat down, doubling his legs under him, in Turkish fashion, as he had done once or twice before that evening, and seemed to become absorbed in looking at the dying embers.

"Can it be that I have mistaken him?" thought our hero; "and that, after all, what I supposed to be a murderous design, was only a civil intention not to disturb me? But then why did he have his rifle in his hand? and why did he bring it forward and place it so near him? Perhaps he had a wicked design, and has changed it! or it may be he still retains it, but is resolved upon a little delay in its execution!"

Like a beast upon its prey, ready for the fatal spring, Henry kept his eyes riveted upon Methoto. The latter sat there for nearly an hour, silent and motionless, and then got up quietly and stealthily, went back to his pallet of skins, leaving his rifle standing against the wall.

"He is a strange, eccentric being, and perhaps I have suspected him without just cause!" thought Henry.

By this time only a few sparks of fire were remaining, and the hut was almost in total darkness. Henry would have got up and kindled more, but Isaline appeared to be sleeping very sweetly, and he was afraid of waking her. Fortunately she had known nothing of his suspicions and fears.

"And after all," he thought, "we may be as safe without a light as with one, for I will keep on my guard the rest of the night, and should this strange being attempt to murder me, the darkness will as effectually conceal my movements as his."

He did not sleep again that night, though at times the desire was so strong that he found it very difficult to keep from yielding to it. To him the night proved very long and tedious, but to Isaline very refreshing. After the host had retired the second time, he appeared to sleep very soundly—at least he did not get up again, nor give his wakeful guest any further cause for suspicion or alarm.

When the first streak of day began to show through here and there a crevice of the hut, Henry arose, Isaline awoke, and Methoto started up at the same time. At that moment Henry could easily have seized the rifle of his host; and reflecting how comparatively helpless was the condition of himself and companion, he was tempted to do so, and make both secure; but there was something in the act that did not accord with his open, generous nature; and after the kind hospitality he had received, he did not feel justified in thus showing his suspicion.

Giving himself a shake, like a wild beast rising from his lair, Methoto came forward, took up his rifle, opened the pan, to see that the priming was all right, and then went back and set it up in a corner; and Henry, who watched him closely all the time, was glad he had not touched the weapon.

By this time Isaline had risen to her feet, with the remark:

"I do believe I have been asleep."

"I rather think so," smiled Henry, "for many a long hour has passed since you laid down."

"Hours do you say, Henry?"

"Yes, for it is now morning."

"Is it possible? And we have all been safely preserved through the night! Thank God for that!"

"Yes, day is once more breaking upon the world, and God send it may be a day of deliverance for us! How do you feel, dear Isaline?"

"Oh, refreshed and strong, as if I could do wonders in travelling."

"I am glad to hear it, for we have another long, hard journey before us!" said Henry.

Then turning to their host, he inquired the distance to the ford of the Blue Licks.

Methoto shook his head.

"Do you know where the place is?"

"Ough! me know."

"How far could the sun go," pursued Henry, pointing to the east, and making a motion over his head with his hand, to indicate the movement of that luminary from its rising to its setting, "while you were walking there?"

He had to repeat the question some two or three times before the other could understand him.

"Ough! so much!" replied Methoto at length, indicating by a similar motion of his hand about one-fourth of the distance.

"That is about three hours," said Henry to Isaline, "and so I judge the distance to be some ten or twelve miles, which shows that we have been getting further off instead of nearer."

"Should we not start at once then?" anxiously inquired Isaline. "I am afraid the Indians will set out on our trail as soon as it is light."

"They would have to find it first," replied Henry, "and I hardly think they will make the attempt, considering how many hours we have had the start of them. Still it may be prudent for us to set out as soon as we have broken our fast."

"If we could cross the Licking at once, I should feel much safer, Henry!"

"True; and doubtless we can do so, for Methoto has a canoe and will probably set us across."

He explained to the white Indian, by words and signs, what he wanted, and the other nodded assent. Then taking up some two or three short, rough slabs at one end of the shanty, the host pointed down to the little vessel, which was resting on the slope of the hill, among some bushes, a few feet above the high water of the muddy stream that was sullenly flowing past.

"Ough! me paddle over water!" said Methoto.

"Thank you!" returned Henry. "And now if you will give us something more to eat, and then put us over, we will always think well of Methoto."

The other at once set about kindling the fire; and having done this, he produced his venison and corn cakes; and Henry, acting as cook, soon prepared a meal for Isaline and himself, exactly like the one of the night before. Of this they both partook quite heartily, and by the time it was finished the bright sun of a cloudless day was beginning to shine upon the rocky summit of the hill above them.

Feeling now quite secure of escaping from the savages who had pursued them, even should they find their last trail, Henry proposed to Isaline that they should step out and look around them before crossing the river.

"Let the delay be very brief then," said Isaline, "for I confess I do not feel at all safe on this side of the Licking."

On going outside, the first thing that struck them was the curious manner in which the hut of Methoto was concealed in the midst of a clump of high bushes, which, on three sides, only left a small portion of it visible, that next to the river being the most perceptible, but only from the narrow bank between it and the water, or from the stream itself, or from the shore directly opposite. The hill above was steep and rocky, with here and there a stunted tree, or a few bushes, shooting up from between the stones; and even Henry, experienced as he was in wood-craft, admitted that he might have passed along within a few yards of the hut without seeing it at all. The scenery around was wild, and in some places grand and solemn, though the sun was rising brightly and a few birds were singing merrily. The Licking, raised some feet by the rain of the previous day, was rolling along its muddy waters at a greater speed than usual and with a sullen murmur, bearing downward sticks and bushes, and now and then the old decaying trunk of some tree that it had floated off from the shore. From the other side rose a steep, heavily-wooded hill, whose foliage of green leaves looked sombre and mysterious, and excited in Isaline a feeling of awe and dread at the thought of entering and picking her way through it with so slight a protection as her companion might afford her from the dangers therein concealed.

"May Heaven be propitious, and enable us to rejoin our companions before another awful night sets in!" she said; "for we might not even find another place of rest as comfortable as the one we are about to leave."

They now went back into the hut, and Henry told his host that if he would set them across the river they would resume their journey and part from him with many thanks for his kindness, and would besides so represent him to their friends that he should some day receive a proper reward for his hospitality. As soon as he could be made to understand this, he seemed much pleased, and returned several nods and grunts of apparent satisfaction.

"Ough! white man no hang Methoto?" he said.

"Never, where I have the power to prevent it!" rejoined Henry. "Poor fellow!" he said, speaking his thoughts aloud rather than addressing the other; "yours is a hard case indeed—leading this lonely, solitary life, without a single friend or companion, a fugitive from the Indians, and rejected by your own race! This must not be; something must be done for you; for even though your crime was great, it must be considered that you acted according to your savage education and immediately repented and atoned for the deed as far as lay in your power. There are few of us, God knows, but what have done some wrong which has merited far greater punishment than we have received; and until a man gets his just deserts for his own sins, he should not bear too hard upon the sins of his neighbor!"

Methoto listened to Henry and looked pleased; for though he could only guess at his meaning, he knew from his tone and manner that it was kindly meant.

As our friends were now anxious to be on the move, Methoto led the way to the canoe, which was pushed up into some bushes under the lower side of the hut, the latter resting upon the ground on the upper side, and a couple of rocks on that next to the river, with a space between them, underneath the foundation logs or sills, large enough to contain a fair-sized boat. The canoe, as before remarked, was small and light, being intended only for carrying one person on the water, or being by that person in turn carried on the land; and when Isaline came to examine it, and looked at the dark, turbid stream flowing past, she felt like shrinking away from the danger she could so clearly foresee. It was about seven feet in length, not very deep, widest in the middle, round on the bottom, and pointed at the ends, the body of it composed of bark, with skins drawn around the outside and secured so as to hold it together and keep it from leaking. To one of steady nerve, good balance, and great skill in the navigation of such a craft, it might do for a conveyance over the water; but Isaline felt that she would upset it before getting a dozen feet from the shore, even could she get into it at all, of which she had some serious doubts.

"I would not dare to trust myself in that!" she said to Henry.

"I am afraid it will not answer," he replied, with something like a sigh, "and thus is lost the hope of crossing the river here, for in the condition the stream is now I would not undertake to swim it with you as I proposed last night."

"And is there no other way of getting across?" asked Isaline, with an anxious look.

"I suppose we might construct a raft if we had time; but it would take hours, to say the least, to collect the materials and put them into a safe condition for the venture, and thus the day would be lost."

"And our foes be upon us!" added Isaline, shuddering at the thought. "Oh, what is to be done?"

"I fear there is nothing better for us than to continue our journey on this side of the stream."

"But is it not necessary for us to cross the river?"

"Somewhere it is."

"And will not the ford be too deep for us, in case our companions shall have gone over?"

"It may be," replied Henry, with a troubled look. "But surely there must be some way for us to cross this stream!" he pursued, musing seriously. "Let me think! Ha! I have it! You must go over in the canoe, Isaline, and I will swim along side and keep it from upsetting."

"It is a fearful risk, but there seems to be no alternative," she rejoined.

"Yes, it must be so!"

While this conversation was taking place, Methoto, without heeding it, and probably without understanding even the drift of it, kept himself busy in hauling out the canoe, carefully examining it, and putting it into the water, where, by the time his guests had arrived at their decision, he was holding it with one hand and waiting for them to enter. Henry now explained to him his design of swimming and thus keeping it upright. Methoto shook his head, in a way to show that he very much disapproved of the plan.

"Squaw still sit—no turn!" he said.

"I dare not risk it!" replied Isaline.

Methoto stared at her for a few moments, with a mingled look of pity and admiration—pity for her fears—admiration of her beauty. Isaline grew quite uneasy, and turned her eyes away, as if to observe some distant object. There was something about the look of that strange being, when his whole attention was concentrated on her, that made her fear him even more than the river.

"Squaw heap 'fraid?" he asked.

"Yes," nodded Isaline, without glancing at him again, and rapidly turning her eyes from one object to another, as if fearful there might be other dangers gathering around her.

"Much handsome!" pursued Methoto, who, in common with most of the Indians of the Ohio tribes, or Six Nations, had picked up quite a number of English words from the British agents and traders of the Canadas, with whom they were on friendly terms. "Best come stay Methoto wigwam!"

"Come, come, we are wasting precious time here!" now interposed Henry, rather sternly.

Methoto turned and gave him a look that was hard to interpret, because it seemed to mean so much and yet expressed so little—a stern, hard, cold stare, that might either indicate a want of comprehension, or secret, sullen anger at his interference.

"If you will put us across the river at once, we will give you many thanks," pursued Henry, returning his look with an unquailing eye.

"You swim?" asked Methoto.

It was a natural question, because perfectly in accordance with his own proposition; but Henry, who was gazing straight into his eyes, and endeavoring to understand the soul that was looking out through those dull windows, saw, or fancied he saw, a slight, momentary gleam of satisfaction or triumph; and reflecting that for himself to be in the water swimming, with Isaline in the boat with Methoto, was to put a new temptation to crime before that strange, dark being, that he might not care to resist, he answered, in a decided tone:

"No, I have changed my mind—I shall not swim!"

"You 'fraid some?" said the other, with an expression of disappointment slightly blended with contempt.

"For the present, Isaline, I regret to say we must take our chances on this side of the river," said Henry, turning to his fair companion.

She looked at him and caught his meaning at a glance.

"Yes, Henry, the river is too dangerous!" she rejoined, with an expression that showed she comprehended everything.

"What do?" inquired Methoto, looking curiously from one to the other.

"We must keep on up this side of the river to the ford—too much danger on the water."

"No go canoe?"

Henry shook his head.

With a look of sullen disappointment, Methoto jerked the boat ashore, picked it up as if it had been a light stick of wood, and, taking two or three steps up the hill, hurled it under his hut, among the bushes, where it rested as at first.

"He is angry with us now, and I am so afraid of him!" said Isaline, with a shudder.

"Would to God I had my rifle and ammunition with me!" returned Henry, with a look of deep anxiety. "But I must get possession of his—our safety, I fear, depends on it! Be calm, dear Isaline, I pray you, and seem as careless and indifferent as possible! We must both play a part here—Heaven help us!"

Methoto did not return to his guests, but immediately plunged into the bushes and disappeared on the other side of his rude dwelling.

"Oh, Heaven! perhaps he has gone to get his rifle to shoot you, Henry!" cried Isaline, clasping her hands.

Henry remembered what he had seen in the night, and had his own suspicions and fears, but he merely said:

"We must go up and meet him with smiles—it may be our only hope!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

CONTINUED FLIGHT.

Both Henry and Isaline immediately started up the hill to meet the white Indian, according to the suggestion of the former; but the latter trembled in every limb, and felt her brain reel.

"Courage, dear one!" whispered Henry. "You must master your fears and put on a smile, for everything may depend on you!"

Thus roused to attempt what then seemed to her an impossible task, Isaline threw the whole strength of her soul into the despairing effort to put her nerves under the control of her will, and met with a success that astonished herself. She prayed God for aid, and it came in a feeling of calm reliance and strength of purpose that to her seemed very wonderful and mysterious.

We know not our own strength till we try ourselves against some great calamity or adversity, and conquer.

When our friends reached the door of the hut, they met Methoto in the act of coming out. He had his rifle in his hand, there was a frown on his brow, and his eyes had a sullen gleam. The whole expression was cold and wicked.

Isaline greeted him with a smile. He looked surprised and somewhat embarrassed.

"I think we shall have to stay with you a little longer, Methoto," she said, in her most fascinating manner, "or else get you to go with us."

There came a slight glow around his weather-beaten temples and forehead, almost the only portion of his face not concealed by hair and beard, as if the blood had taken a sudden start upward. He seemed a little confused, and glanced at Henry.

"The river runs too fast," said the latter.

"Heap 'fraid canoe—no swim!" he rejoined.

Henry nodded, and Isaline smiled.

"Come stay Methoto wigwam?" he said to Isaline.

"For a while perhaps."

"I am afraid we shall eat everything up!" said Henry, accompanying his words with intelligible signs.

"More corn—more deer!" replied Methoto. "Gun good—shoot heap!"

"Can you shoot a bird?" asked Isaline, with appropriate gestures.

"Ough! me show!" answered the unsuspecting white savage, evidently proud of his skill, and at once beginning to look about him for a living mark.

He stepped outside of the bushes that concealed his dwelling, and our friends kept close to him. Presently he espied a thrush, seated on the lower limb of a tree, about thirty yards distant; and silently directing Isaline's attention to it, he raised his piece, took a quick aim, and fired. The bird fell dead. He turned proudly to Isaline.

"Good!" she said, clapping her hands; "you are a good marksman, and have a good rifle!"

"Ough! Methoto fill wigwam full bear, deer, for white squaw, big heap!"

Isaline smiled encouragingly, and Methoto hurried off to get his prize.

"Oh, Heaven! how will this end?" said Isaline to Henry, in a low, anxious tone, the moment they were again by themselves.

"You must get leave for me to try my skill," returned Henry, "and by that means I may get possession of the rifle. It would be a cruel meanness, I admit, to deprive this poor fellow of his main weapon, if there were any other way to protect ourselves; but I see none. He was evidently coming to seek us, with a murderous design, and I fear it is only our stratagem that has so far saved us both! With his rifle and ammunition in my possession, he will be in

my power, and no longer to be feared; and if Heaven will favor our return to our friends, I sacredly promise to restore his property, if I even have to come back with it myself! You have done bravely, dear Isaline—bravely! bravely! and if you can only continue to play your part, all may yet be well. There, be ready now, for here he comes!"

Methoto returned, with a look of triumph, and handed the dead bird to Isaline, who received it with a smile, and appeared to be much delighted, though she secretly shuddered.

"I would like to see my friend shoot!" she smiled, pointing to Henry and tapping Methoto's rifle.

"Perhaps I could not do as well!" said Henry, with a careless yawn, reaching out his hand for the piece.

There was a quick gleam of suspicion in the cold gray eye of the white savage, which Henry did not appear to observe. At first he drew his weapon a little back, as if he did not intend to part with it; but seeing Isaline look a little hurt and pained—an expression which, with a great effort, she threw into her lovely face, for her very soul was secretly trembling within her—he quietly handed his piece to the other, watching him closely as he did so. Henry took it indifferently, examined it with some care, sighted along the barrel, and asked if it were loaded.

"No powder—no ball!" answered Methoto; "me load um!"

"No," returned Henry, "let me load and fire it myself!"

He reached out his hand for the powder-horn and bullet-pouch, which the other finally handed to him, though with seeming reluctance.

Henry loaded the weapon with great deliberation, and carefully primed it. A covert glance at Isaline showed her very pale and slightly trembling. The success of her ruse had almost unnerved her, and a fearful reaction was beginning to take place. Everything that he had sought was now in his possession, and Henry nerved himself for the crisis.

"Step this way, Isaline, and show me the bird you wish me to shoot!" he said, carelessly turning aside, as if to seek his feathered mark.

Isaline understood him, and started forward with tremulous haste, her very heart beating wildly.

She had passed him a few steps, and was apparently looking eagerly about her for the object of her quest, and Methoto had just started to follow, when Henry wheeled suddenly around, and, pointing the rifle to the breast of the white Indian, thundered forth:

"Back, on your life, or you are a dead man!"

The expression of Methoto's features at that moment would have been a study for a painter. The blood instantly forsook his swarthy face, so as to leave it quite pale; while astonishment, fear and rage became about equally blended in his ugly countenance. For a moment he seemed petrified; and then his teeth began to gnash, his eyes gleamed like a demon's, and his hands convulsively clutched the knife and tomahawk still in his belt. Henry cocked the rifle and stood firm, with an unmistakable resolution depicted in his deep blue eye.

"One step forward and I fire!" he said, raising the rifle to an aim.

The danger was too terrible to face; death was in that hollow tube so unshakingly held before him; the eye of the white Indian began to quail, his face began to take on a ghastly expression, his stout form began to shrink, tremble and cower, his brute courage could no longer sustain him, and, with the awful howl of a frightened wild beast, he suddenly turned and bounded away, now dodging to the right and now to the left, as if to avoid the aim of his foe, till the thick bushes around his own dwelling completely hid him from the view.

Instantly Henry uncocked his rifle and hurried to the side of Isaline, whom he found as white as a sheet and trembling like an aspen.

"Courage, dear one—courage!" he said, throwing his protecting arm around her slender form; "the worst is over, we are so far saved, and now let us fly while we can!"

She seized and clung to him almost convulsively, and the two set forward in breathless haste, plunging along through bushes, stumbling over sticks and stones, Henry every moment or two looking back and sweeping the whole dreary scene with his keen, experienced eye.

They did not ascend the hill again, but kept down along the bank of the river, following the windings of the stream, with no word from the ashy lips of Isaline, and only now and then an expression of hope and encouragement from Henry.

They ran through the open wood, forced their way through thickets, and either leaped over or dashed recklessly into the little fordable brooks and creeks that crossed their path, regardless of everything but the one purpose of escape from the possible dangers behind them.

The sun came over the hill and streamed brightly down into the romantic valley of the Licking, lighting up scenes of picturesque beauty, that, under pleasant circumstances, would have filled their genial souls with poetical delight, but on which they now bestowed only hurried glances of fear.

At last, after two hours of such anxious flight, they came upon a sylvan retreat more enchantingly beautiful than any they had yet beheld. It was a spot where the hill, or right bank of the river, had taken the form of a rocky bluff, and, falling back from the stream, had swept around in a semi-circle, inclosing a gentle slope, which was covered with green grass and bright flowers, and shaded by grand old trees, which were standing wide apart, interlocking their branches overhead, and were here and there draped with a long, silvery moss, and with many a vine twining round them and hanging downward heavy with clusters of rich, purple fruit. At the bottom of the first green and flowery slope was a broad, gravelly level, and then the ground rose again, with a gentle swell, and terminated in a low bluff, overlooking the main channel of the river, which had quietly reached out an arm between the two and made the second rise an island. This island was not large, and was thickly covered with bushes and trees—one of the latter, almost white from age, stretching upward its hoary trunk and leafless, jagged branches or arms, like some ancient patriarch bestowing his blessings upon the rising generations gathered around him. Between the main land and the island, the water, to the depth of only a few inches, flowed along with a pleasing murmur; but through the main channel, which was narrow and rocky, with a high bluff on its southern shore, it rushed swiftly and angrily, with a hoarse, bubbling roar. From the centre of this retreat, the view was not an extensive one, for the river could not be seen above the point where the bluff bent outward and formed a high wall of rocks; but it was novel, picturesque, and beautiful beyond description.

It was not to be supposed that one so keenly alive to the poetry of nature as our young artist, could pass through so enchanting a scene as this and not feel his very soul stirred within him. From the moment he entered the retreat, his quick, keen eye noted everything; but he made no remark till he reached about the centre of the place, when, as if he could no longer control his feelings, he stopped and exclaimed:

"A perfect Paradise! Was there ever anything more beautiful?"

He looked at his companion for an enthusiastic response, and saw that her features were deathly pale, and that her lovely countenance had a weary, troubled, haggard expression. She rallied a little at his words, and, with a hurried glance around her, replied, but quite faintly:

"Yes, it is very beautiful! very charming!"

"Dear Isaline, you are not well!" said Henry, quickly, with a look of anxious solicitude.

"I feel somewhat fatigued," she replied; "as if, under the excitement, I had over-exerted myself."

"Dolt that I am," said Henry, "not to have considered that a pace which would be ease for me might be death to you!"

"Oh, blame not yourself, my dear friend!" returned Isaline; "we have been flying to save our lives, and have only done what necessity required."

"I do blame myself, notwithstanding, that I did not sooner perceive the injury this rapid flight was doing you!" rejoined the other, in a tone of deep self-reproach, as he gazed into her sweet face with a look of anxious kindness.

Her dark eyes beamed full upon him, with an expression that made his heart take a great leap—an expression of earnest sweetness, gentleness, sympathy, hope, faith, reliance—*love!*

Henry next spoke with agitation—for that one, simple, truthful, unstudied look, excited emotions that made his frame quiver—his voice tremble.

"You must have rest now, dear Isaline—your condition absolutely requires it!"

"But have we time, Henry? Is not the danger still too pressing?"

"There will be more danger for you to continue without rest!"

"I am so fearful of being pursued!" said Isaline, glancing timidly around her; "if not by the savages of yesterday, at least by Methoto, who I am certain will not hesitate to kill you now if he can find an opportunity!"

"But I have his rifle, dear Isaline, and he fears for his own life."

"Yes, but may he not get another somewhere, and secretly pursue and murder you?"

"Borrow it of his nearest neighbor perhaps," returned Henry, with a reassuring smile; "but while he is gone to that neighbor for it, I think you may safely venture to rest an hour, more especially as the journey there and back would cost him at least a day."

"But the Indians we escaped from yesterday may be even now pursuing our trail! and if they should come upon Methoto now, in his anger, he would most likely join with them and follow us for revenge!"

"There may possibly be something to be feared in that respect," said Henry; "but should we now continue our flight, and you faint by the way, what would be gained to us? Ha! a happy thought strikes me, dear Isaline! We can break our trail here, and gain all the rest we need, with additional security, even should we be followed as you fear. Look at that beautiful island, and the shallow water flowing between it and us! Now we will go up through this grove to those rocks you see above, which will take no impression of our feet—and which, to any one following, will convey the idea that we have hurried on up the stream—and then we will turn back into the water, and return to the lower end of the island, and there secrete ourselves among the bushes, till such time as we may see proper to resume our journey."

"Perhaps this may be done with safety!" said Isaline.

"It will add to our safety, believe me!" rejoined Henry; "more especially if we can manage to set off in another direction without leaving an easily discernible trail."

"Well, do then as you think best!" assented Isaline.

It was the work of only a few minutes to carry out the plan suggested; and on reaching the lower point of the little island, along the bed of the shallow branch or overflow, it was found that their steps could be continued in the edge of the water of the main channel for nearly half the distance back again, so that they really first set foot upon the island from its western, or rather southern, side, and immediately found themselves in a thick covert of bushes. Carefully pushing their way through these towards the centre of their new retreat, they soon came to a large, flat rock, directly under the bare, jagged arms of the hoary old tree we have mentioned.

"Oh, what a delightful spot!" exclaimed Henry, with enthusiasm, as, with his sweet companion, he mounted the rock, upon which the bright morning sun was shining warmly and gratefully, and gazed around upon the flowery grove, the bold bluffs, and the rushing, roaring river. "Here, dear lady, we can rest in peace for the present, even though our enemies be in hot pursuit, which I do not believe, for certainly they would never seek to follow us directly into the arms of our companions."

"Ah! our companions—would to Heaven we were with them again!" sighed Isaline.

"Courage, dear one—courage—and we may be with them sooner than you believe!"

"If they in turn have met with no disaster and have not passed the ford!" said Isaline.

"And even if they have, there will be a way to follow them," said Henry cheerily. "The river has only been temporarily raised by the storm of yesterday, and I can see that the waters are now rapidly subsiding to their regular depth. By the time we reach the ford, we shall undoubtedly find the stream in a condition to cross."

"And how far do you suppose we are from the ford now, Henry?"

"I do not know—but not far—not more than three or four miles at most, judging from what that white savage told us."

"Oh, if kind Heaven will only permit us to rejoin our companions!" said Isaline, with tremulous anxiety.

After soothing and reassuring her, with many kind words tenderly spoken, Henry, whose passion for drawing the grand, sublime, or beautiful in nature, would not let him rest idly in so enchanting a place, at length said:

"Will you pardon me, dear Isaline, if, while you are resting, I attempt to sketch the beauties of this most charming of nature's retreats?"

"Oh, yes, by all means," returned the other, "so that we do not make too long a delay here!"

The next minute the young artist was engaged in his favorite pastime, and soon became so deeply absorbed that all else was forgotten—danger, Isaline, everything. Minutes flew by unheeded, an hour or two passed away, and his mind was still as intent as ever upon the work before him—he standing on the rock, and Isaline seated at his feet.

Suddenly he was startled by a hand clutching him convulsively.

"I hear voices!" said Isaline, in a low, frightened tone.

Henry looked up and around.

"And I see Indians!" he rejoined, leaping down from the rock and fairly dragging Isaline into the bushes. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Back numbers can be furnished from the beginning.


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 10, 1866.

## Terms: Cash in Advance.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| One copy, one year, | | $2,50 |
| Two copies, " | | 4,00 |
| Four copies, " | | 8,00 |
| Eight copies, " | and one to getter up of club, | 16,00 |
| Twenty " " | and one to getter up of club, | 32,00 |
| *One copy of* THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND, | | 4,00 |

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Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address HENRY PETERSON & CO. No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.


## A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

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In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

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☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 8 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

## THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

By universal acknowledgment, Mr. Bennett is surpassing himself in this splendid story.

We hope our readers will take a little trouble for our sake, and call the attention of their friends to it—for it will not only please their friends, but help the subscription list of THE POST.

For remember that Mr. Bennett is engaged as a regular contributor to THE POST, and will write for no other paper.

## OBSTACLES.

The belief of a certain Pagan tribe that the strength of the enemy they overcome passes into themselves, like most untaught beliefs, has a spice of nature at the bottom of it.

All growth, all progress, all triumph over difficulties is of this kind; the condition, or the circumstance that opposes, and for the time keeps mastery, is at length not only done away with but absorbed, and like a converted foe, contributes to the strength of the party it once enfeebled. A seed is buried in the earth for a time; the soil seeks to digest it as nutriment, and if it prove the stronger the germ dies, and helps to enrich the earth where it was buried; on the contrary, if the seed is sound it may remain in darkness for a time, but not forever. It will work itself out, strike through and meet the light—not an acorn, but an oak.

Every obstacle we overcome, at once becomes a help to us, a stepping-stone in our onward move. We wheel the captured cannon upon the enemy, and march them off to the music of their own guns. The best temperance men are reformed inebriates. Lightning, once the terror of man, is now his winged messenger.

The swimmer that braves the current; the bird that tries to soar in the face of the wind; the ships weathering the tempest are but types of success in the world. If a man's adherence to right principles is firm; his moral, intellectual, and physical relations rightly adjusted, the opposition that aims to defeat him will only contribute to his triumph.

The outward difficulties that seek to crush the man of genius, the weight of circumstances pressing him still closer to the wall will fall at length, and his future will only be the brighter for the narrow strait through which he had to pass.

A new principle of science or morals making its way into the world is like a grain of wheat pushing its way up through weeds and rubbish, which for a time impede its progress, but which it ultimately rises above, and is only stronger, more productive by reason of the obstacles it has overcome.

Our progress in knowledge is governed by the same law. He is not the wisest man who has accumulated most, a mere walking dictionary of dates and events; but he is the wisest man who has overcome most, whose knowledge has been won through suffering and severe labor, and in whose mind facts are like seeds in the soil, not like vegetables in a cellar. Ideas will never germinate in a passive mind; there must be heat, action, desire, with a constant watch and care, to produce intellectual conception.

Hence the superior wisdom of the self-taught man. The desire, and the effort to obtain knowledge prepares the mind for its reception.

Thus we see the benefit is not so much in acquiring as in overcoming, not in gliding smoothly along through the regular course of prescribed research, culling the flowers simply that others have reared for us; but in digging, delving, grasping, sinking and struggling, and still pressing forward, finding the bottom and clutching the matter at the very core of it. This is the kind of learning that will be of use to us. It was said yesterday, by one who has a right to speak by reason of age and experience, "that scholars are at a discount; mere learning acquired from books is nothing against a grain of native talent well-grounded in bone and muscle." Of the mere book worm this might be said, but to the genuine scholar whose memory is a deposit, not a miser's chest, it has no application. The educated man of all others should be wise, brave, strong, hopeful; the man who can look difficulty and disaster out of countenance; the man who can see through the surface of things, and in the crash of events instead of crying out like a sick girl, or growing white with sudden fear, he stands up firm and undaunted, a pillar of fire, and a front of strength to guide and support.

Obstacles are greatly to our profit if we know how to use them. The farmer finds a rock in his meadow; it is too large to remove with all the force he has, so he goes to work and breaks it up—making of the fragments a wall about his lot. So a man, who successfully resists a temptation, or overcomes an evil habit, is benefitted not only negatively by being rid of the obnoxious thing, and all the fatal consequences that would have followed its constant use—but positively by the very circumstance of having overcome such evil habit or temptation. The same with a man who makes a new discovery in science or art—he reaps the advantage not only of enlarged mental vision, together with new forces put into his hands, but derives a far greater advantage by having mastered the obstruction that obscured the existence of such facts from him.

So with our animal faculties and instincts, whose promptings and tendencies are evil, we are not called upon to eradicate, crush or neutralize, but to subdue them, govern them, harmonize, and discipline them, and bring them under the control of the intellect and the moral intuitions.

For this they were created, not to lead or to follow bad masters, but good servants.

Then are we strong by the whole might of our nature.

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The FEBRUARY number of this beautiful magazine opens with a touching steel engraving, entitled "News from the War,"

"The women weep as the children play;"

a very expressive engraving indeed, and which will, we fear, touch the source of tears in many a sorrowful heart. The large colored Double Steel Fashion Plate for this number is as usual refined and elegant; the distinguishing traits of the Fashion Plates of the Lady's Friend. Then there are the usual number of engravings devoted to the Fashions, &c., as will be seen by the following

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STEEL PLATE—IN TIME OF WAR.
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MUSIC—"Near Thee"
ELISE RADNER. By S. ANNIE FROST.
THE AURORA BOREALIS. By DAISY DE VERE.
LOVE FOLGER. By AUGUST BELL.
FLOWERS OR THORNS. By * * *.
WHERE HAS THE CHARM FLED. By SYBIL PARK.
THE HIDDEN BRIDAL GIFT. By AUNT ALICE.
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STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
QUESTIONS. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH. By HARRIS BYRNE.
THE WOUNDED HERO. By HARRIE EVANS.
DYING. By EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.
NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. Specimen numbers for this purpose will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums in certain cases.* The Prospectus of this magazine for this year embodies a splendid list of contributors. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

COURSE OF LECTURES.—A course of Lectures will be delivered at Concert Hall on every Thursday evening for six weeks, beginning the 8th of February. The first lecture will be delivered by Frederick Douglass, to be followed by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, General Carl Shurz, Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, Prof. Day, and W. D. Kelley. Tickets for the course, $1,50; single tickets, 35 cents.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"LIVING FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE," by GEO. W. THOMPSON. Published by Howard Challen, Philada.

"MISS OONA MCGUARRIE," by ALEX SMITH. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

"SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION," by ANNE BEALE. Published by A. K. Loring, Boston. For sale at Evans's Gift Book Store, Philada.

## The Sewing Machine Premium.

As some very suspicious persons seem still to have doubts relative to the perfect fairness of our offer of a $55 Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine as a Premium for certain clubs,—and, wise in their own conceit, think there must be, in some shape, some "humbug" about it, we beg leave to quote the following letters from individuals who have received the machines in question. Any of these individuals doubtless would answer letters addressed to them on the subject, inclosing a pre-paid envelope, with pleasure:—

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, Dec. 6, 1865.

*Messrs. H. Peterson & Co.*:—I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of the Sewing Machine from Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, the premium for a club of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Lady's Friend*. The machine is perfect in every respect; it does its work completely, and fully comes up to the description in the advertisement.

Yours truly, W. P. MCKELVEY.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, Dec. 12th, 1865.

*Messrs. Deacon & Peterson*:—Gentlemen—I am much pleased to write you that I have received my machine. It came on the evening of Thanksgiving. You may be sure I am delighted with it when the agent here, who owns a *silver mounted* machine, declares it a "perfect beauty" and the "finest finished machine" in town." As there are near fifty machines in the town, I think this quite a compliment. I certainly will bless the day when I first thought of getting a club for the *Lady's Friend*.

Yours with many thanks, M. C. RYAN.

PRATTSVILLE, NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1866.

*Dear Sirs*:—I received the machine last Saturday all safe. MISS M. DISBROW.

WESTFIELD, NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1866.

*Messrs. Deacon & Peterson*:—Received the machine yesterday; please accept many thanks.

Yours truly, MRS. N. W. HALL.

GREENVILLE, MERCER CO., PA., Jan. 2, 1866.

*Messrs. Deacon & Peterson*:—Since writing you last week "the machine" has come to hand all right. It suits me very well. Please accept my thanks for it.

Yours very respectfully, ELLA KECK.

NORWICH, NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1866.

*Dear Sirs*:—In obedience to your request I acknowledge the receipt of a Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine in safety. So far as I can learn your magazine gives general satisfaction to the subscribers. I remain *yours, &c.*,

THOS. H. LEWIS.

MADISON, INDIANA, Jan. 17, 1866.

*Gentlemen*:—The machine came to hand yesterday, and the party is much pleased with it. Please accept thanks for your prompt attention.

Yours truly, O. A. FITCH.

LANCASTER, OHIO, Jan. 17, 1866.

*Messrs. Deacon & Peterson*:—Gentlemen—The machine came safely to hand on the 13th ult., and I think as far as tested will answer elegantly

Respectfully, ADA H. KAUFFMAN.

KITTANNING, PA., Jan. 23, 1866.

*Sirs*:—After some delay the Sewing Machine reached me safely and in good order, for which accept my sincere thanks.

Truly yours, PHEBE MCMASTER.

RIDER'S MILLS, NEW YORK, Jan. 23, 1866.

*Messrs. Deacon & Peterson*:—Gentlemen—I have received the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine all in order. Please accept my thanks for your promptness. I need not say that the machine exceeds my expectation, and is the pride of the place. Yours very truly,

MARIA MICKLE.

TO OUR AGRICULTURAL EXCHANGES.—We find that a number of our exchanges are copying our Agricultural articles—prepared expressly for THE POST by Cosmo—without credit. Gentlemen, if these articles are worth copying, they are worth crediting.

## COME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Up through the green waters, oh, Sea Maiden, come,
Lead me down to thy coral-bed, down to thy home;
Veiled in thy yellow hair, yellow as gold—
Sea Maiden, Sea Maiden, a thousand years old!

Come to me; sing me a song of the deep,
And the dreamy, sweet music shall lull me to sleep;
On my brow place thy fingers, all dripping and cold,
Sea Maiden, Sea Maiden, a thousand years old!

Come in thy sea-green robes, Witch of the Wave!
On the lone shore I've waited, enchantress, thy slave,
Till my lips and my fingers are covered with mould—
Sea Maiden, Sea Maiden, a thousand years old!

Deck me with sea-weed wreaths, crimson and gray,
Bear me down, fathoms and fathoms away;
White as the foam on the wave, and as cold—
Sea Maiden, Sea Maiden, a thousand years old!

ZIG.

IN Brittany, a very convenient matrimonial custom prevails. On certain fete days, the young ladies appear in red under petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them; the number of these denotes the portion the father is willing to give to his daughter; each white band, representing silver, betokens a hundred francs of rent; and each yellow band means gold, and stands for a thousand francs a year. Thus, any young farmer who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats to learn in an instant what amount accompanies its wearer.

IN Walworth county, Wisconsin, on the 5th, three men entered the house of a man who had just sold his farm for $3,000, and, finding the farmer absent, murdered his wife and child, and proceeded to ransack the building. While thus engaged, a person living near by, hearing suspicious noises, went to the house, saw what had been done, and shot at three of the assassins, killing one, and mortally wounding the others.

## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

**Climbing for Curiosities—A Compound Tumble—Human Monsters—Santiago—Inauguration Day.**

For some reason or other, that I have no recollection of, or perhaps for no reason whatever, the French, English, and North American elements of our exploring party, with a spicing of five or six Spanish Americans, were in saddle and winding our acute angled, zig-zag way up the third series of the Chilean Andes, quite two hours I think before one of our lazy caravanseros had opened an eye, and consequently had something like three leagues the start of the main body of our allied company.

The Southern summer's sun came up as bright and beautiful as ever was a summer's sunrise on earth anywhere, and in almost worship of such magnificence as even the Rhigi seldom presents, we involuntarily reined in our horses to a halt, and by a common impulse faced to the eastward in silence, as devoutly as the Parsee worshipper turns to his rising sun deity.

"I shall show you all something much more beautiful," abruptly broke in Don Jose Caledra, an old white haired veteran of Entre Rios, who had thirty-four times in his life, crossed the Cordilleras by that route, his blasphemy of the beautiful, breaking our dream so disastrously, that it all vanished in the wink of the eye.

"Dal talamo inaccesso
Udillo il suo, signor—"

Our little Napolitan beauty chaunted in a pet from *Il Trovatore*, forgetting that she was not in Naples.

"Oh, botheration, Don Jose!" protested Mrs. Kate O'Harra, putting on a pout of her pretty red lips, and her black eyes looking lightning.

"*Maldita! A sellas á corcovas,*" objected Senora Montiero, impatiently.

"Get out, you old humbug!" growled Dr. Bond indignantly, looking annihilation at the unconscious old innocent.

"Nao, Senor—*bug*—nao. No *hum—hum yo no sabe hum.*"

Neither did Don Jose *sabe* "bug" as we did, or the reproofs he had got as they were intended. So that squall blew over, and the tormentor began again:

"Come, ladies; come, senors, I shall show you certainly a very pretty thing, if you will ride with me twelve minutes.

So he did. Following the old don up a ravine running due east and west, a third of a mile perhaps, we came out of the eastern terminus of the *gulch* upon a little barren plateau a thousand yards perhaps in breadth, and three times that space in length, from near the centre of which arose a cone of some seventy feet diameter at its base, and within a trifle more or less of one hundred and fifty feet in height, its surface smooth and uniform in circle, tapering in slightly convex lines from base to apex.

The singular cone was composed of *scoria* and volcanic ashes hardened to the consistency of a burned brick, and then there was another element in its composition that rendered the mound the most magnificent object imaginable. All along up its sides, peeping, gleaming and flashing out from a dwarf growth of cactus, and firmly embedded in volcanic mortar, were crystals of all shapes, sizes, and brilliancy, such as we had never seen.

Coming from the westward so early in the day, we were on the dark side of the cone as we approached it; but its splendor even in the shade was wonderful—on all its eastern side the beauty was beyond all conception. It seemed a work of fairy enchantment, and for many minutes we sat there on our horses, mute and wondering. It was a gorgeous, almost blinding blaze of brilliant light, blending all the delicate hues of the prism.

The brief space of wonder gave way to an eager and simultaneous greed to secure as many as we could pack off of the crystal gems, and dismounting, we made a rush and energetic individual scramble up the steep ascent, to lay hold of the most beautiful and brilliant crystals, which we had noticed were towards the top of the cone.

Edith Bond had the lead, closely followed by Cator, then O'Harra, Kate, the doctor, Donna Minnie, Don Jose, and so on to the end of the list—all climbing after curiosities, and every one eager to get highest. Edith had achieved half the altitude of the cone, when she made a misstep, or mistake, slip, or blunder, and came whirling down upon Cator, who put out both arms to stop the falling angel, but instead of arresting her downward flight, fell with her, and both rolling over and over, tripped O'Harra, knocked down Kate, and all clinging together, grabbed Senora Cosmo, Dr. Bond, and Don Jose, and acquiring momentum from gravity, down went the human avalanche, mixing *ponchoes*, broadcloth, and dimity in such an inextricable tangle as no one ever saw before, rolling in a conglomerate mass to the base of the cone, where they finally resolved themselves into individuality, scratched, scared, and something severely crystalized, without one of them having secured a single crystal.

The others of us who had gone up more cautiously, and happened to be aside from the track of the avalanche, succeeded in securing a good many very fine specimens, which we generously divided with our less fortunate companions. We were all duly grateful, however, to Don Jose for his breaking in upon, and breaking up as he did, our sunrise dream, which some of us had rebuked him for so sharply.

Some three hours later in the day, we still being in advance of our main division, Don Jose led us two miles out of the way to show us another curiosity in its way, quite equal to the crystal cone, and infinitely more monstrous than anything we had ever heard of—a family of human monsters. Human they were beyond all question, otherwise they would not have been found inhabiting a hut, and cooking cakes of pounded maize, and cultivating patches of vegetables, having sheep and dogs, cats, and a variety of fowls, and jabbering a patois of unintelligible *Quecha* and barbarous Spanish, as we found them. But the probability is they were the most extraordinary samples of humanity, on this continent at least.

There were eleven of them in all, representing three generations—the oldest pair seeming to be of great age. Indeed, Don Jose said they looked to be old "*things*" when he first visited them twenty-six years previously. The two youngest children, cubs, whelps, or whatever they were properly, of the third generation, Don Jose informed us, were about five years old, he having seen them within an hour of their birth, they being twins, male and female.

In stature there were but three or four inches difference between these monster babies and the adults. The circumstance suggested to us the physiological question if a state of savage barbarism nearly approaching that of the brute, is not conducive to rapid growth in infancy, and early maturity?

Every member, old and young, of this strange family was hideously deformed, and all in the same manner, though not the same extent. In the first place the nose was much flattened, and the under jaw protruded like that of the chimpanzee. The spine was curvilinear inwards, breast hollow, abdomen monstrously protuberant, and thin legs, bowed outwards like a pair of calipers.

The statue was uniform in the adults of both sexes—there being five males and six females—and was about four feet six inches, and the average weight computed at eighty-five to ninety pounds. But the most singular feature about the—*Things*, was the covering with which Nature, either from necessity, or some strange freak, had supplied them. The females all had on garments something like a loose slip, reaching to the knees, of a coarse cotton fabric which our authority, always Don Jose, informed us was of their own weaving. The males, however, were entirely nude with the exceptions of a narrow strip of the same material secured about the loins, and extending half way down the thigh.

There was no necessity of nature for either of these artificial coverings, as the creatures were well covered with a coat of close, soft hair, or more properly fur, of a light reddish brown tint nearest that of the fur of the common field-mouse of the United States.

We were unable to obtain either from Don Jose, or from any one in Santiago that we inquired of, anything authentic or reliable in regard to the history or origin of this singular family of—"what-is-its," that it appeared had inhabited the same locality within four leagues of the Chilean capitol, for three generations at least. A circumstance that in itself goes a good ways towards showing the progress or rather the lack of progress in "South American Civilization," and the universal apathy in regard to scientific research among Spanish Americans.

Had there been such a phenomenon existing within three times four leagues of any one of our towns or cities in the United States, the number of visitors would have been legion, and science would have unravelled the whole mystery before it had passed one-fifth of one generation, unless the inevitable P. T. B. had snatched away the whole tribe at one swoop and placed it on exhibition for the million at twenty-five cents a head.

"Santiago! *Viva Santiago!*" we heard muleteras, *caballeros*, caravanseros, dons, doonas, *muchachas* roaring, shouting, singing and squalling, as we came again out upon *el Camino National* after our last curiosity chase, and fell in once more with our miscellaneous fellow-travellers.

Ay, in truth there was Santiago in full view, and in all its enchantment, lent by distance—at three leagues range, the most magnificent city on this continent—around and over one, nothing beyond a very plain parallel, with fifty other Spanish American cities of far less pretensions.

But we were very fortunate in the time of our advent into the Chilean capital. Directly upon rejoining our friends, we learned from them, as they had some time previously learned from others, who came swarming into the National Road, and hurrying forward towards the city, that the coming night would be one of high carnival, and the following day a grand festival—no less than the inauguration as president of the Republic the successful military candidate who had beaten his predecessor out of office and the country at the point of the bayonet, and had at length fought his way up to Santiago to remain ten months, perhaps, the new idol of the nation.

As the slow moving caravan no longer needed our protection, our triple alliance was dissolved, and accompanied by the Buenos Ayrean cavalcade, we cut loose from our creeping ox-cart friends and galloped gayly into Santiago and up *el calle Provinciale* to the *Hotel Inglaterre*, at which we had more than five months previously made arrangements for accommodations whenever we should come to Santiago.

So we had our accommodations at rather a close fit, but considering the occasion, and that thousands of men and women and children were obliged to accept such comforts as the streets and *plazas* afforded, we were thankful for room sufficient to ourselves in which to eat, and sit, and lie down—always pretty closely packed.

We got through the night without any especial discomforts, breakfasted early on the morning of inauguration day, and booted, spurred, and every one of us in the very best our wardrobes afforded—men and women, we were ready for the saddle, and the fete, which latter being the grandest display that we or Chile had ever seen, seems to be worth a half-dozen descriptive paragraphs in a separate sketch.

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ASPIRATIONS.

When Jones was sixteen, he was bent
On one day being President.

At twenty-five, Jones thought that he
Content as District Judge would be.

At thirty, he was much elated,
When Mayor of Frogtown nominated.

But bootless all the nomination;
His rival, Tompkins, graced the station.

At forty-five, his dreams had fled;
Hope and Ambition, both were dead.

When from his toils he found release,
He died—a Justice of the Peace.

Oh, youthful heart, so high and bold,
Thus is *thy* brief, sad story told!

---

MAN AND WIFE.—The theory of man and wife, that special theory in accordance with which the wife is to bend herself in loving submission before her husband, is very beautiful; and it would be good altogether if it could only be arranged that the husband should be the stronger and the greater of the two. The theory is based upon this hypothesis; and the hypothesis sometimes fails of confirmation. In ordinary marriages the vessel rights itself, and the stronger and the greater takes the lead, whether clothed in petticoats, or in coat, waistcoat, and trowsers! but there sometimes comes a terrible shipwreck, when the woman before marriage has filled herself full with ideas of submission, and then finds that her golden-headed god has got an iron body and feet of clay.


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

### Splendid Array of Contributors:

### UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

The old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has passed into the hands of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

**EMERSON BENNETT,**

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REVENGER," "CLARA MOREland," &c., &c., has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

**WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.**

Mr. Bennett began a continued story in the first number of the New Year, called

## THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

### A Tale of The Backwoods;

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

## GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

### SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
Author of "This, That, and the Other."
STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,
Author of "Eve Isle," &c.
Mrs. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "East Lynne," &c.
Mrs. A. D. F. WHITNEY,
Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," &c.
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,
Author of "Gabriel Willde's Return," &c.
BELLA Z. SPENCER,
Author of "Ora," &c.
Mrs. M. F. TUCKER.
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Author of "Battle Fields of our Fathers," &c.
Mrs ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.
AUGUST BELL,
Author of "Antagonisms," &c.
CLARA AUGUSTA.
Miss A. L. MUZZEY.
BEATRICE COLONNA,
Author of "Told by the Sun, &c."
Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER,
Author of "The Morrisons," &c.
HARRIS BYRNE.
"COSMO,"
Author of "South American Sketches."
LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON.
MARY J. ALLEN.
S. ANNIE FROST.
EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
Mrs. H. A. HEYDON,
Author of "Margaret's Story," &c.
CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.
SOPHIE MAY.
Mrs. ANNA BACHE.
ANNIE F. KENT.
"AUNT ALICE."
FRANCES H SHEFFIELD.
PHILA. H. CASE.
HARRIET W. STILLMAN.
CHARLES MORRIS.
LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.
LIZZIE MATTIERS.
IRENE BOYNTON.
Miss H. S COREY.
LUCERN ELLIOTT.
AUTHOR OF "A BLASTED LIFE."
BARBARA JOHNS.
BELLE ST. AUBYN.
Miss A. FORRESTER.
EDWIN R. MARTIN.
SARA J. RUMSEY.
T. J. CHAMBERS, &c., &c., &c.

All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

## ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

### UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

and in view of these fresh and costly efforts and brilliant inducements, we trust to have their warm exertions in our behalf, and the LIBERAL SUPPORT OF A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

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[For particulars, see under editorial head on second page.]

TERMS—Our terms are the same as those for that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine contents, when it is so desired, and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2 50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies (and one *gratis*) $16; Twenty (and one *gratis*) $35. One copy each of THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, $4.

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☞ SPECIMEN NUMBERS will be sent *gratis*. Single numbers for sale by the News Dealers.
☞ Editors inserting the above shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a *marked* copy.


☞ We are not responsible for the slander of the following: A parrot in a confectionery shop, in Waterbury, Conn., has been taught to say "Pretty creature" to each lady who enters the store. The result is, that the store is crowded all day—to see the parrot, of course, not to listen to its flattery.

☞ The Treasury Department for the fiscal year ending in June, received upwards of $30,000 in what is called *conscience money*, i. e., gratuitous returns of money plundered from the government. From this we may estimate the whole amount stolen.

## Washington Letter.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

A reception at Speaker Colfax's differs in several respects from those of any of the other officials. In the first place it is much less formal than the levees of the Secretaries and Senators. No cards are issued, but it is understood from the newspaper announcement that all comers will be welcome. While at all the other houses the evening receptions are not open to any but those who have exchanged cards with the ladies of the family, or been especially invited by them. This winter, too, this rule is observed with especial strictness everywhere but at the Speaker's.

But any one can drive to Four-and-a-half street, and be sure of a welcome. It is a high stoop, brick house, with one of those winding flights of steps at the entrance that are so common here. On the first floor are two large parlors, which opening into each other, form a very fine suite. Here, on the evening when I went, Mr. Colfax stood receiving, with his sister, Miss Matthews. She is a very sweet-looking young lady, with brown hair, blue eyes, and a fine complexion. She wore a white alpaca, trimmed with gold braid. Mrs. Matthews was not well enough to be present; every one regretted that, for she is so pleasant and kindly in her manners.

In the two rooms below the parlors, there were musicians and dancing. As the rooms were quite large, and cleared of furniture, they made a very nice space for those disposed to "trip the light fantastic toe."

I presume that all the House of Representatives feel themselves called upon to pay their respects to the Speaker every week or so. I know there was a great crowd of men, the male sex decidedly predominating over the female. And among the groups of gentlemen lounging in black masses around the doors and walls, I noticed many of the well known orators of the House. Mr. Voorhees was there, rather languid and indifferent in his manners; Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey, as impulsive in ordinary conversation as he is on the floor; Mr. Pike, of Maine, looming up a very long pike; Mr. Conkling, smiling and self-complacent as usual, and innumerable others.

Count Gurowski was there with his bald head, trim gray whiskers and green glasses as well preserved as ever; and Senator Wilson, amiable and smiling, with his sweet little wife. Among the ladies, the most striking certainly was Miss Venney Reem, the sculptures, who has designed a bust of Mr. Lincoln of some merit. But I mention this young lady, not on account of her artistic skill or any beauty of appearance, but because of the fact that she had her hair all down over her shoulders. I mean this literally. The front locks were caught up in some extraordinary way with flowers, but all the hair at the back of her head was allowed to fall unconfined by comb, ribbon or hair pin down her back to below her waist. I could see no excuse for this extraordinary *coiffure*, as the hair was neither particularly thick, long, or handsome in color. It was dark-brown, and without the slightest inclination to curl. Her dress was a pretty, pearl colored silk, and I could not but think how ruined it would be by that mass of hair that was dragging over it. The young lady herself has rather a pretty, intelligent face, and could have looked very well had she not been so disfigured by this strange freak of fancy.

Probably the most noticeable lady in the room was Mrs. King, of Charleston, S. C., the daughter of Mr. Pettigru, who was so distinguished a Unionist. This lady is a widow, and her property having been by the war either destroyed or rendered unavailable, she is supporting herself on her salary as a clerk in the Treasury.

For many years Mrs. King was the queen of Charleston society. Her books "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman," "Lily," and "Silvia's World." Proving her claims to wit, while all who have ever seen her, would bear testimony to her beauty and charm of manner. She is rather a short lady, with blue eyes and light-brown hair, a graceful figure, and very beautiful neck and arms. Her dress was a dark blue silk, trimmed with black velvet, and very handsome ornaments, with diamonds a remnant of her days of wealth.

Among the oddities present I must mention the Hutchinsons, who loomed up as odd looking as ever. When I came away they were singing for the benefit of the few lingerers.

Speaker Colfax himself was, after all, the star of the evening. He is a short and slightly-built man, with light hair and beard, no moustach, blue eyes, and fair complexion, but his face is strikingly handsome and attractive from its change of expression. He welcomes every one so cordially, and it is said never forgets a face, rarely a name.

The event of the last week has been the marriage and reception of Mrs. Douglas and Gen. Williams. The marriage took place very quietly in the presence of but a few intimate friends—and the bride is said to have looked very well, but exceedingly pale. Her dress was a white silk, with high neck and long sleeves, and a tulle veil.

On Saturday she had a very large reception, for which cards were issued. She remained all the time at her father's house on I street near Delaware Avenue; and there the reception was held. It is an old stuccoed cottage on high ground and with terraces around it. Inside there are several parlors which are furnished with great taste, and adorned with many beautiful works of art and elegant ornaments. Among these innumerable busts and portraits of the late Mr. Douglas, seemed on this day, to look grimly down. The flowers were most beautiful, and quantities of them in every room. Down stairs a collation was served for those who could make their way to it through the dense throng.

The bride wore her wedding-dress with the veil, a very heavy white silk, with point lace collar and pearl ornaments. Gen. Williams, who is a tall and handsome man, with dark hair and eyes, wore his uniform, and appeared very happy, as indeed he ought to be.

General and Mrs. Grant held their first day reception on that afternoon, so that they did not arrive there until quite late.

On Monday the General and Mrs. Grant held their first evening reception, and it was a very brilliant affair. They occupy a large house not far from Mrs. Douglas'—will people ever remember to call her Mrs. Williams? It is a double brick, not of striking appearance externally. There was a covered and carpetted way built to it for this occasion.

On entering we were in a wide hall, the paper on which was so dark and the wood work also being painted in oak, that despite the numerous lights in the large chandelier, it seemed rather gloomy. The large parlors were papered in green and gold, the furniture it was impossible to see on account of the dense crowd. On the other side of the hall was the library, containing the books recently presented to the General by some wealthy Bostonians, and back of it was the dining-room where ices were dispensed to the thirsty throng. Down stairs there was a long room running under the dining-room and library, and built especially for dancing. Here a very fine band discoursed most excellent music, and the crowd was, if possible, greater than anywhere else.

Mrs. Grant is of medium size and plump figure, with a very agreeable face, and dark hair and eyes. She wore a black lace with scarlet flowers in her hair, and *bouquet de corsage*. The General received with much kindness, though sometimes I fancied an air of resignation would steal over his fine features as the throng poured past. Col. Bordeau, of his staff, assisted in doing the honors; he is a gentleman of some literary fame, being well known in New York as the author of the "Vagabond," and several short sketches.

Admiral Farragut, who is the "jolliest tar" imaginable, was one of the features of the evening, though military and naval uniforms were so common that one thought nothing of Major Generals and Commodores.

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**Outrivalling the Spiritualists.**

The London correspondent of the Dublin Daily Express says:—"Dr. Lynn, the son of an English clergyman, following the bent of a roving disposition (with which Englishmen, in common with Irishmen and Scotchmen, are sometimes chargeable), at an early age left his country, literally for his country's good, and has returned, after eight years' absence, skilled in every department of 'the occult art.' Whatever the Hindoo jugglers or the Japanese wonder-workers could impart he has acquired, and his lissom fingers can accomplish. More important still, whatever the most highly-gifted of the spiritualists and their familiars can perform shrouded in darkness, he can repeat, without confederate or mechanical contrivance, in the open day. Dr. Lynn, during a brief visit to London, with a view to make preparations for a winter's campaign (he is, I understand, to visit Dublin before settling down here), gave three private *séances*, at two of which I was present. Avoiding the toy-tricks of professors of magic who come from various points of the compass and astonish children of every growth, his programme is stored with Eastern novelties, and his performance is the perfection of slight of hand. The closest observer is baffled by his astounding dexterity, and the ease and grace with which the most difficult feat is accomplished are as admirable as the dexterity is marvellous. I will mention but one or two items. A graphic writer upon Japan some time since made the world acquainted with the most graceful and beautiful, and at the same time wonderful, of all the feats performed by the jugglers of that country. They were the top and butterfly trick. A top is set spinning in the air; on its descent it is caught on the point of a sword, where it whirls merrily; then it is brought along the keen edge to the handle; then it renews its flight to be again caught; and ultimately it is sent, like a miniature Blondin, across a silken thread which is invisible to the audience; sometimes it descends the slack, sometimes ascend the hill, but is always sure of foot, and waltzes its way over the narrow path, from the boxes of a theatre to the back of the stage, as readily as across a drawing-room. The butterflies are cut out of many-colored paper, and fly about as if endowed with life. In obedience to the wave of a fan, they fly high or they fly low; now they flutter over a lady's bouquet, now they light upon the spray of a wreath, now they gyrate, moth-like, round a gas-jet. This feat alone is sufficient to take the town by storm. But what will be said of the greatest of the 'spiritualist' tricks, viz., the writing on the arm? Let me briefly state my own experience of it. I was requested by Dr. Lynn to write the name of any person, of any country, who has died since the world began. I did so in a remote part of the room, before leaving which I tightly folded the paper on which the name was written until it resembled a doctor's pill, and placed it on a table, where it remained in presence of, and close to, all present, except Dr. Lynn. That he did not touch it, and that he had no means of ascertaining what the name was beyond the meagre hint to be derived from a reply to his question of how many words and letters it consisted, I can positively vouch. Within two minutes the name was traced upon his arm, and in letters each of which, if I may say so, was an enlarged *fac-simile* of my own. Five other names were written by different persons, and one was selected at random out of the five, and with a precisely similar result. On the previous evening thirteen ladies were present, as well as a number of professional men—lights of law, literature, and medical science; a name was written by each lady, and thirteen times, to the unspeakable amazement of all present, the writing on the arm corresponded with the writing on the crumpled paper in the lady's hand. This was Foster's great spiritual trick; and it is to the credit of Dr. Lynn that he utterly disclaims and laughs at the idea of spiritual agency in its performance."

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Sold by all Druggists.

## THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA. H. CASE.

From a beautiful island that lies far out
On the limitless, mystical sea of time,
With many a welcoming, gleeful shout
From glad, young hearts, the silvery chime
Of pealing bells, and the plenty that thus
Hath crowned our banquets with goodly cheer,
Thou hast floated merrily down to us
In a white-winged ship, oh, blest New Year.

Though the desolate meadows are brown and bare,
That flamed with the gayest of flowers in June;
Though the delicate, crystal veins of air
Are pulsing no more with a soft perfume.
Though no longer the lark, with her dew bathed wing,
Soars warbling away through the ether clear;
Yet with songs of mirth our firesides ring,
To greet thy coming, oh, glad New Year.

As gladly thou comest as the happy band
Of thy beautiful sisters, ere the trail
Of blood crept over our glorious land,
And the terrible spectres, gaunt and pale,
Of sorrow and death stalked boldly forth,
Casting their fearful, withering blight,
From Southern lotus groves to the North
That boasted the glory of freedom's light.

Aye, gladly thou comest; from shore to shore
Floats a banner as white as a young lamb's fleece,
And the lyre of the nation is strung once more
To welcome the coming of beautiful Peace.
The eagle of victory perches again
On our glorious banner, the dear old flag,
And its scream of triumph o'er hill and plain
Has echoed contempt on the "rebel rag."

The world has looked on with wondering eyes,
At the hordes of Northmen pouring down,
And gazed with a kind of strange surprise,
And a sort of baffled, secret frown,
Where the bondman's withes to the winds were hurled,
And the glorious fire of freedom runs—
And there's not a crowned head in the proud old world,
That dares to cope with our Parrott guns.

Yet thou lookest on many a darkened home,
The desolate hearth and vacant chair,
The watching for loved ones who never come,
The quivering lip and mute despair.
Oh, sacred be every hallowed spot
Where our brave boys sleep, and the Temple of Fame
In glowing letters that fadeth not,
Shall write far up on her scroll each name.

Right gladly we hail thee, oh, blest New Year,
And we greet thy coming with song and mirth,
And many a banquet of goodly cheer
Is smiling all over the beautiful earth.
Sail on! sail on! in thy white-winged ship,
Far out on the waves of Eternity's sea,
And the winds that bear thee as soft as the dip
Of thine oars in the ocean of time shall be.

## TWO VOICES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CORA PENTECOST.

Mabel Passiver was just nineteen. A fourth part of the eight preceding years of her life had been spent in New York city. There, at the expense of a wealthy uncle, she had received a thorough and somewhat elaborate education.

Having graduated the summer before the immediate guardianship of her uncle ceased, she returned to cheer the declining days of a widowed mother, residing in the small town of H———, northeastern Kentucky.

My story opens on one dreary morning in November. The sun had risen obscured by clouds; and a high wind from across the rough surface of the Ohio river, shook the loose windows, while penetrating the many crevices of the old frame house in which Mrs. Passiver, with her only, her idolized daughter dwelt.

The lady had called the child three times, and the old-fashioned clock, which stood in the corner, was striking the hour of nine, when the fair heroine of our tale, wrapped in the ample folds of a calico morning gown, with sleepy eyes and languid mien, emerged from her chamber into the quiet sitting-room, where the indulgent mother had been awaiting her appearance for an hour.

Rolling up her knitting, she now opened a side door and called to her servant; "Come, Betty, bring in breakfast."

Five minutes afterward, hot biscuits, fragrant coffee, and one small dish of fried ham, (a real Kentucky meal,) smoked upon the table.

Meantime, Mabel walked to the window, shrugged her shoulder with a shudder, sighing frequently.

"Oh, what a miserable day!"

Again, as she seated herself before the comfortable repast, the frown darkened on her brow, and she pettishly exclaimed,

"I do wish I was rich!"

An expression of pain crossed the mother's face, as she answered:

"I wish we were, my love; but as it is not so, I think you had better look on the bright side of things. After all, you have more of life's comforts than many others!"

"Of course, I have more than some others; but I do despise to feel so pinched and cramped for want of money; when I wish to take a trip or make a present, to be obliged to stop and ask, 'Can I afford it?' And then I fairly loathe the same old dresses which I have to wear season after season, while all my companions have such varied wardrobes!"

"Why, my dear, winter has scarcely set in yet, and I am sure those two handsome dresses your uncle bought for you last year are good enough to be worn two seasons by any girl in moderate circumstances."

"Ah! in moderate circumstances! That is it! I don't want to be in moderate circumstances. I crave wealth. I know I never was intended for a poor girl."

"My child, the Bible teaches that we are all placed in just such a sphere as we are best fitted to fill. God understands us far better than we know ourselves."

A faint smile began to chase the marks of ill-temper from Mabel's handsome face, as she continued:

"I don't wish to disparage the good book in the least, or say aught against its divine Author; but it does seem to me there must have been some mistake made in my case; for I am sure a silk dress is much more becoming to my style of beauty than a calico; and I feel certain I could tread with much more freedom the lordly halls of some fine mansion, than I now stumble about within the narrow limits of these contracted walls. I verily believe it would improve my disposition to have things a little more to my taste."

The smile had brightened, and this last sentence was spoken half ironically. The fond mother caught the pleasant spirit, so ceased to chide; merely saying:

"Well, well, my daughter, I see how it will be. You must marry a millionaire. Then, I suppose," she continued, half sadly, "you'll forget the old house you were born in, and be ashamed of poor mother, who sits in the corner all day long."

"No, dear mother, no! never will I be ashamed of you. You shall wear the finest caps the country can afford; shall throw away that rusty gown, and dress in satin every day. You shall have your easy chair cushioned with velvet, and sit in state from morn till night. If you must knit to keep your mind employed, I will give you bright chenilles, fine crochet yarn, to make Mats and Tidys for my tables and chairs.

"I don't care very much about this poor, rickety house, that's a fact; but of course I'll keep it in repair for the sake of 'auld lang syne.' Then we can come back to H——— occasionally, to rusticate. You see I have it all fixed up."

By this time, through the influence of fancy's play, our young lady was in quite a glee; so sat chatting and laughing quite merrily, till the doting parent half-way believed that all those things her child was talking of, would really come to pass.

Just as they were rising from the breakfast table, a quick knock upon the door was followed by the appearance of a bright young face, and in a moment another gladsome voice echoed through the room.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel, don't you want your fortune told? There's a gipsy woman here who says that for a quarter she will tell us all about the future. She looks just like the old witches we read of. I'm nearly crazy to hear what she'll say."

"Where, where is she?" cried Mabel, her face all aglow with excitement, her heart all fluttering with anticipation.

"She went into the kitchen. I told her we would be out there directly."

Mabel pulled out her portmonnaie, looked into it, then said:

"There, I have just one quarter left. Mother, may I give this to the gipsy, and hear my fate?"

"Of course, my daughter, as you are so very anxious, I have no particular objection this once, though generally I disapprove of such folly."

The girls ran quickly across the yard, and forthwith entered the low cabin in which a miserable, half-witted woman awaited them.

Her thin figure was scarcely covered by the ragged garment which hung loosely about her tall person.

A short-skirted sun-bonnet partially concealed her head. The hair, straight and black, hung unconfined around her long shoulders. One eye was bound up in a soiled pocket-handkerchief, while the other, sunken far beneath the shaggy brows, looked red with inflammation. As she stood there before the great, wood fire, gently moving her gaunt body to and fro, spreading her long, wiry fingers above the bright blaze which leapt from the burning logs, muttering the while some mysterious words, of which no one could tell the meaning, it must be confessed she did remind one of the pictures often painted in the mind concerning that race of wandering vagabonds called gipsies.

Upon our romantic young ladies the effect was magical. A vague sense of awe crept over them; and as she turned to move her mystic wand above their heads, Mabel shuddered, half from fear, half from a strange kind of pleasure.

The old dame, still muttering to herself, crossed the hand of each maiden with the silver coins they had given her, then waved the magic wand once more over their heads.

These preliminaries over, Annie Clide, being the younger, was chosen first.

With child-like eagerness she listened to a history of the constant love and many joys with which her long, bright life would be encircled.

The changing cheek and dancing eye told the crone she had rightly guessed the wishes of her youthful hearer.

Turning toward Mabel, she, for a single moment, keenly eyed the proud, half scornful face; then, in a screeching voice, cried:

"Rich, oh, how rich! Wealth, wealth! Gems and jewels, princes and palaces. My lady fair, you are destined for a grander life than this you are now leading."

Pointing toward the house, with a significant gesture she continued:

"You will not long dwell there! Soon, very soon you are to be the bride of a man who counts his dollars by the thousand; and henceforth I see you walking the princely halls of a stately habitation. You are to be the honored of all those who delight to honor intellect. The worshipped of all who worship beauty. You shall reign queen of the best society in this your native land, and visit other countries, too."

The would-be gipsy, bending nearer, lowered her voice just a little.

"You will not have a great abundance of what this world terms sentimental love. It is better that you should not. You have a brave spirit, and can live without it.

"Stifle the sickly yearnings of your woman's heart, and they will die.

"Your power over others will be boundless if untrammeled by affection.

"Strangle the cries of conscience, then your reign will be supreme."

Putting her mouth closer to the ear of the excited girl, she hoarsely whispered:

"Ere to-morrow's sun shall rise you will see the man that fate has given you."

Mabel was almost speechless.

"How could that half-crazed creature so well divine her wishes? so exactly echo her own reasoning?"

Recovering herself in a moment she burst into a gay laugh, saying:

"Well! my good woman, I believe in you; you told me just what I wanted to hear!"

After Mabel had ordered the servant to give the fortuneteller some breakfast, the girls returned to the dwelling in a perfect fever of delight, to impart to the waiting widow the result of their conference with the wonderful prophetess.

The two maidens were still talking; one of "love in a cottage;" the other of velvet robes and sparkling gems, when looking at the timepiece, Annie sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"Good gracious! It is noon. That old simpleton has stolen all my morning." Out of the door she darted, and was gone before the request "stay to dinner," which rose to the lips of her young hostess could be spoken.

At the gate, Annie met the negro boy of a neighbor. He was the bearer of a note to Mabel, who, glancing over its contents, looked toward her mother with a radiant smile, saying:

"It is an invitation for us to drink tea and spend the evening with Mrs. Crane."

The light in her eye denoted peculiar satisfaction as she went on:

"We are to meet a wealthy gentleman from New York city. We will go, will we not?"

"To be sure," was the smiling answer.

A reply was penned and given to the messenger, behind whom the door had scarcely closed, when Mabel, springing lightly round and round the room, clapped her hands in ecstacy, exclaiming:

"I told you so! I told you so! He has arrived. My man has come. Did not the witch guess well? 'Before to-morrow's sun,' she said. Well, I declare! How things are coming out! Mrs. Crane says he was an only child. His father, dying some months ago, left him sole heir to more than half a million. He wants a beautiful wife, and our friend pays me the compliment to say she knows of no one who would suit his taste or grace his stone-front house so well as I. She advises me 'to set my cap.'"

All this was said in a mock, triumphant tone, as with many bows and graceful attitudes, she danced before her listener. Her countenance took a graver cast as she proceeded:

"Now the question comes: 'What shall I wear?' Oh, dear! I wish I had a few of his dimes beforehand. He has been accustomed to look upon so much magnificent dress, I fear he will never fancy me in my old brown or gray or black."

"Therein may lie the charm," encouragingly spoke the mother. "It is said that city men often fall in love with rustic maidens on account of their simplicity of attire—and I am sure, my daughter, that black silk of yours is a splendid dress, almost new, and exceedingly becoming."

"Yes, I believe it is; guess I'd better wear it. But, pshaw! The trimming is ripped from one of the sleeves, and I don't feel one bit like fixing it."

"Perhaps my eyes will let me mend it," suggested Mrs. Passiver.

"Oh, dear no!" replied our heroine; "I was only impatient. Of course I will not see you mend it while I am idle; but I do despise to sew! I hate work anyhow! Never mind! when I captivate this man, and he is mine by law, his half-million shall serve me in place of fingers. Never then will I wear a mended garment nor make a new one while a seamstress is to be found. Goodness! won't I make his money fly?"

Early in the evening, Mrs. Passiver and her daughter were ushered into the handsome drawing-room of their wealthy neighbor, and introduced to the aristocratic Henry Huntington.

Mabel had seen very little of fashionable society, but, novice as she was in the ways of the world, her natural penetration served to tell her in a moment she was in the presence of an accomplished man.

He was tall and well proportioned. Had whiskers reaching almost to his waist, with eyes and hair which rivalled the raven's wing in blackness. His manners were characterized by that exquisite ease and elegance, which while they charm by a seeming disregard of self, make every one with whom they come in contact feel perfectly at home.

The evening passed. It was near midnight when Henry Huntington escorted Mabel Passiver to the gate of her own home, and before bidding her good-night obtained permission to call upon the following day.

The smouldering embers were stirred upon the hearth, and the two women sat down to warm themselves, when the gay girl spoke lightly:

"Well, mother, in spite of my plain dress and half-worn ribbons, I made an impression. I know I did! What do you think of him? Is he not elegant? Would you not like to have him for a son?"

As the fond mother looked with pride upon the flashing eye and blooming cheek of her fair child, she thought within herself:

"Strange indeed would be the taste that could resist the fascination of such a face."

Checking the flattering words which were on her lips, she made an evasive answer:

"Yes, my love, he is a very handsome man, and his address is quite captivating. And yet there is something in his countenance I do not like. A strange, unpleasant expression sometimes lights the eye, or flits about the mouth,—something deceitful. Did you not notice it?"

"I thought I saw it! but perhaps it was only fancy. Let us not judge a man by the fleeting shadows which fall upon his features; especially as he is to be my fate, you know."

Thus the speaker lightly turned the subject. It did not leave her mind, however; and long after Mrs. Passiver slumbered, her wakeful girl was vaguely haunted by that singular expression.

Meantime, when Mr. Huntington found himself again in the presence of his hostess his first words were:

"Mrs. Crane, why upon earth did you not prepare me for meeting that vision of loveliness? I had no idea such a beauty bloomed in these rural regions. Upon my word, she throws our Eastern belles entirely into the shade. So intelligent and accomplished, too! She sings those operas very well; and her general bearing is unexceptionable. Heavens! wouldn't she adorn my house on Fifth Avenue! If there is any power in me to please, I'll win her; that is a settled point."

"You could not do better, I assure you," replied his hostess. "She belongs to a fine family, though they are now poor. Mr. Sevel, that wealthy banker of your city, is Mrs. Passiver's brother, and your lady-love herself has passed the last eight years in New York, attending Professor Tower's select school."

"She has? and I've not seen her! That's strange! Not very, either; for I've no need to peep beneath a school-girl's hood to find a pretty face. Nothing lost, anyhow. The bird is yet uncaged, and she shall be mine if I can catch her."

"Here's to your success," added the lady, touching her goblet to his, as together they quaffed the sparkling wine—remains of the evening's feast.

The next day, and many following, found Mr. Huntington a constant visitor to Mabel Passiver.

H——— was a gay little place; and he was her devoted attendant to parties, concerts, or church. Was any excursion on hand, his was the stylish equipage in which she always rode. When the snow lay on the ground, each morning a handsome sleigh stood waiting at the gate.

Choice flowers from the greenhouse always bloomed upon her dressing-table; and some piece of new music was often mysteriously left upon her piano.

Neither was the aged mother quite forgotten. The skillful lover would talk with her for hours. Talk of the early settlers of Kentucky, and of her household cares. He took an interest even in her knitting; and praised, with seeming candor, the customs of the old-style people, one of whom she was.

Thus, by degrees, he won the heart of the old lady. She was charmed, and no longer noticed the sinister expression of his face. She almost unconsciously looked forward with pleasure to the time when she could call him son.

Mabel was captivated by his talents, his home-like attentions to her mother, and his almost veneration for her own beauty. But, most of all, was her mind completely dazzled by his unbounded generosity, the almost prodigal carelessness with which he used his abundant wealth.

This was just the spirit she admired. She often thought within herself, 'When I am his wife, won't I make a splendid '*helpmate*' to spend his money!"

Did Mabel love him? We will not say just here; but certain it is, that when, by Christmas, he offered his heart and hand, she promised early the ensuing autumn to become his bride.

The beaux of the town relinquished all hope of obtaining for themselves the hand of their reigning belle; while the young ladies, with one accord, declared it was a shame that a penniless girl should thus monopolize the attention of so great a catch as Henry Huntington.

Mabel Passiver had promised to be the wife of this rich man, and she fully meant to wed him. What though she shuddered as he clasped her hand; and often, at midnight, a vision of that subtle expression awakened her from happier dreams. She shrank from the thought of walking side by side with him through life. But what mattered all this? Money was what she wanted; and power she must have. She would not live thus cramped, for want of means, within the narrow limits of her native town. She longed to see the world, and wield that influence over the minds of men, which, with her regal beauty and graceful talents for society, she felt herself quite capable of exerting.

It was not vanity, but a morbid, restless, passionate desire to develope, in some splendid manner, those latent powers of a gifted, though misguided mind.

In moments of solitude, she sometimes thought of her school days,—scarcely past. Those bright days spent in the tall brick house, in New York city.

There she used her intellect right earnestly, to gather from the store-house of knowledge some sheaves of golden grain. She remembered, with pleasure, the mild face and gentle voice of the loving matron. Also, one other face and voice, too often came from the sacred shadows of a few months past, to haunt her in those troubled days.

Professor Tower, the matron's nephew, had been her teacher. The many lessons of valuable instruction, religious counsel, and sage advice which he had given, often visited her mind, like ghosts of a departed life. At such seasons her heart would almost fail her, while the wish was nearly formed, "If he was only here to guide me!" Then would come the philosophical conclusion, "But he is not here, nor ever will be; so away with all such weakness! My pathway does not run beside the eminently good; then why should I think of it? why attempt to struggle with a destiny which leads me among earth's proudest, grandest people? It is there I must live. It is there I must work. I dare not break the spell that draws me; but follow it I will. Yes, even though it rob me of a bright inheritance in an eternal home!"

Thus, with strange infatuation, even the shadows of ennobling aspiration were thrown aside; while, at the entrance of some young companion, the erring girl was ever ready with half scoffing laugh and words of light frivolity, to chase all earnest thought from the minds of others. With her mother, Mabel talked as with the gayest of her associates. Cheerily picturing in a thousand changing dyes, her brilliant future. In this way the firm, young mind influenced the old and yielding one; leading it to rejoice still more because of the anticipated union, never dreaming that the hand of her daughter would be given where the heart was not.

It was the 22nd of February. The birthday of our illustrious forefather was to be celebrated as usual, by a ball.

Although it was but an hour after tea, Mabel was ready. She made her toilet thus early to gratify her mother, who wished to see her dressed before starting to the weekly prayer-meeting usually held on that night.

The doting parent, with the old family servant, stood admiring the beauty, requesting her to walk several times across the small apartment. Now they adjusted a pin here; then rearranged a little bow of ribbon there, or straightened some disordered fold of the light drapery, till Betty, no longer able to restrain her feeling, impulsively exclaimed,

"Well I do declare, Miss Mabel! you is de prettiest creature on dis earth; and I knows it! Lordy! how proud Mass Henry 'll be when he takes his bride 'way up mong dose fine folks in de North. Dey can't beat you, even dar, I'se certain ob dat!"

"Yes!" the proud mother said, with gladsome smile upon her wrinkled face, "you look well to-night, my child."

She kissed the soft cheek so near her own; then drawing the warm shawl more closely around her shoulders, started on her way to meet with those who love to worship God.

As Mabel stood by the window, looking into the moonlit street, and saw the bowed figure of her parent moving on alone to church, her conscience smiting, brought a moment's sadness. Again, a vivid recollection of her school days came. She wondered where her classmates were. If they, too, had forgotten the Christrian precepts taught, and were wasting their precious time and talents as wantonly as was she.

It was good Betty's voice that startled her from her revery.

"Miss Mabel, I spect you's gwing to scold me. I got a letter from de office dis evening; and done forgot to gib it to you till just now."

Being in no mood for scolding, she took the letter without a single word.

"New York," the post-mark read.

Ah! how well she knew the handwriting. But why does her heart beat so and her hand tremble as she broke the seal to read the bold, free signature—Albert Tower? Why did a faintness creep upon her as she sank into the nearest chair to discover its contents! As she perused and re-perused those closely written pages, the color forsook her healthful cheek, and tears rose, burning those large, bright eyes. At length, carefully refolding the paper, she meditated thus:

"The same good, noble man, and always will be. Yes, I well remember those moral lectures he used to give us, especially that allegory—of 'Two Voices.' One which would call us constantly toward the world, with all its frivolous cares and trifling amusements; the other, bidding us arise above our meaner natures; develope all the germs of good within us, and fit ourselves for the purer joys of an immortal state. While listening, I was all aglow with worthy zeal, and inwardly resolved that he should yet be proud that I had been his scholar. Alas, I am a weak and foolish girl! How well he understood me. In this letter, he reiterates the parable of 'Two Voices;' begs me to beware. Says he knows my ardent temperament; my proneness to love the gaudy tinsel of this life. He also seems to see some good even in my imperfect character, and points me upward to that God of love, who will guide me in the path of duty if I will only trust Him. Dear, kind Professor Tower, if you were here I could do right."

She hid her face between her hands, and blushed as the idea came—but still thought on.

"Were his hand offered me for life, he could mould my character like plastic clay. How would he grieve, could he but know what I have done and what about to do!—desecrate the holy marriage vow. Give my first, best energies to a false ambition; in short, to follow that same evil voice, against which he has so often warned me.

"Could my beauty only win his pure affection, then indeed would I value it. But something better must do that. Oh, had he written sooner!

"Pshaw, pshaw! The die is cast! the deed's as good as done. My word is plighted. Then why this turning back to the sweet hopes of childhood, born but to wither?"

Again, with resolute will she strangled the yearning for a better life.

Standing before her mirror, she had just removed all traces of emotion, when a low knock followed by an unceremonious opening of the door, announced the arrival of her accepted lover.

As our heroine entered the crowded ball-room, the murmur of admiration, which heralded her approach, was more intense than usual.

A stranger asked in some astonishment—

"Who is that lovely being?"

The gray-haired clerk of the county court made answer—

"Oh, that's our belle! Pretty, isn't she?"

The young men looked upon the coveted treasure, as upon some golden apple hung too high for them to reach, while whispering over one to another,

"Heavens, boys! That city beau must be the happiest of fellows! What a splendid couple they are!"

The rival beauties of the place, frowned and blushed with jealous indignation, thinking:

"It is too bad! That vain girl is not content with carrying off the grandest catch in all the union, but must obtrude her presence everywhere, to rob us of half the attention of our secondary gallants!"

The fair girl walked, arm in arm, with her intended husband, and as these and like expressions fell upon her ear, the last lingering desire for a holy purpose took its flight, and her proud heart once more exulted in its coming conquests.

With that condescending affability which conscious beauty can so well afford to lavish, she smiled and bowed to all, using her natural tact so well, that envious man and jealous maiden yielded involuntarily to her influence, unconsciously allowing their hearts to be carried captive, for the moment, by her winning grace.

"Last evening," she afterwards thought, "was given me as an earnest of my more complete success in future."

Old winter passed away, and April, with its sunshine and showers, had come again to gladden the barren earth, when our heroine entering the sitting-room one day, said gayly,

"Another wedding, mother; I've just heard from Kattie Wearth, a class-mate of mine. She is to be married about the same time I intend to leave this state of single blessedness. The affair was to have taken place this spring; but her intended is absent upon business, and cannot make the necessary arrangements. She wishes me to be her bridesmaid. Well; I'll go, but it must be as a gay young bride. Ah! ah! She little thinks that I'm to be auctioned from the matrimonial market first. She is to marry a rich man, too. She says his house is very grand. But the little goose don't seem to value that at all. She writes in the most romantic strain about the elevating influence of affection; the holy light that has been kindled in her soul by the pure spark of love; and all such nonsense. Heigh-ho! I think she ought to live in a vine-covered cottage, and leave her fine establishment for some more matter-of-fact person, who, like myself, feeds upon the substantials of life; taking of sentiment sparingly, as of a delicacy too dainty to be tasted except on rare occasions."

"Nay, my daughter! You need not disparage the candor of your more genuine friends merely because you are too proud to acknowledge that your heart has been caught in the web which cupid has so artfully woven."

Poor Mabel! One moment after, when left alone, she groaned in spirit, inwardly complaining, "would to God I could love as does this innocent friend of mine. Then this burden would not rest so heavily upon my soul."

This idea brought to mind an object, which in moments of untrammeled thought, was always prominent—her preceptor, Albert Tower. Two months had flown since last she heard from him. Yet, in yonder writing-desk, the cherished letter lay unanswered still.

"How could she write to him? How could she tell him of the false life she now was leading? That his eight long years of watchful care, with kind counsel and encouraging advice, had all been wilfully cast aside, to follow that reckless voice of the world. She must hear once again from him. Another letter might soothe the restless spirit and restore, for a time at least, her faith in truth and goodness. Yes, she would write, no matter what so it brought an answer."

Impulsively she drew the desk before her, and commenced by making all kind of apologies for her long delay, except the one which

had really influenced her the most. As her pen swiftly moved across the paper old associations which clustered in her mind brought the good spirit to her heart. She sincerely thanked him for all that he had done for her, evasively expressing her great desire to improve the gifts which God had bestowed upon her. She asked his prayers for her advancement; and closed by earnestly beseeching him to write soon to her again. For the moment Mabel felt the words she penned. But well she knew she would not act upon them, and after the letter was sealed and sent, she thought with great contrition "I am a hypocrite." Deceiving even that noble man, whom I most respect, most honor, yes, most dearly ——, the last word died from her mind as one which had no right to linger there.

As summer approached, Henry Huntington, declaring he had given already too much time to the lighter joys of life, avowed his intention of leaving for a while the pleasant town of H———. He must even tear himself away from the society of his beautiful betrothed, to arrange his business affairs and refit his mansion for the reception of his lovely wife.

He went.

In August, Mabel, who had long been expecting an answer to her last from Kattie Wearth, received the letter. Sad, sad news of blighted hopes and breaking heart it brought.

The lover, whom she so fondly trusted, had returned. At first, his manners were constrained and cold. When upon being urged to tell the cause, he had frankly confessed, that while abroad another had won his affection. In deep humility he professed to loathe his own fickleness of mind, and with apparent generosity offered to sacrifice the gratification of his own wishes rather than break the troth, to which, in honor, he was bound.

The artful dissembler well knew that Kattie would release him. Thus, in writing to her friend, the confiding girl repined. "Mabel, I cannot blame him for ceasing to love me. I always wondered why he did. I am not surprised that some fairer, better woman has usurped my place in his regard; but, oh! it is so hard to have my idol of the future melt away before my eyes. My friend," she continued, "if you could see him you would not be astonished that I loved. He is so handsome, so accomplished, and seemed the very soul of truth. You say I did not tell his name before. It is with pain that I must write it—Henry Huntington! Now I think of it, perhaps you may have seen him. He sometimes goes to H———, although his post office, when abroad, usually is Louisville."

Did Mabel's eyes deceive her? Had she read the words aright? Was that her lover's name? Alas, alas! Instinctively she knew it was the same. At that moment, as if she dreamed, a vision of his unguarded countenance, bland, subtle and smooth, seemed to pass before her burning eye-balls. She read at once the meaning of that unpleasant something which had so often oppressed her.

"Can I marry this treacherous man?" she mentally ejaculated. "I could smother my *groundless* repugnance for the sake of the triumphs I might hereafter win. But can I throw away my self-respect? drag the few noble impulses which my nature yet retains to a level with his sin by wedding one I know to be so unprincipled? No, no! Surely, I cannot, will not do it! I shall not suffer absolute want if I never marry; and is it not better to dwell in an humble house, never quitting the outskirts of this pretty town; better to sutch, stitch, stitch on my own clothes, wearing calico instead of silk, than voluntarily to take upon myself the name of this willful betrayer? It is three weeks before our bridal, and it must be broken off."

That evening, Annie Clide came in. The wedding was no longer any secret, so she playfully talked of how true the old gipsy's words were coming, rallied Mabel on her solemn looks, and asked to see the wedding outfit.

The bride elect opened the closet door to exhibit her rather small but choice wardrobe. Just then a painful sense of guilt oppressed her. She remembered it would take all the next quarter's income from her mother to pay for these few nice clothes. The day before she had silenced her conscience with the confident assurance, "Oh, well, I soon can more than pay my mother back." But if she broke the engagement—what then?

Our small household had just retired to their beds that night, when the cry of "fire! fire!" was echoed through the streets, while the courthouse bell, with rapid ringing, called the scattered firemen to their important work.

Our heroine sprang to the window, stood looking out till the dense smoke, accompanied by occasional sparks, told her in what direction the evil threatened. One moment longer, then with ashy lips and paleing cheek she spoke.

"Mother, dear mother, I fear it is our corner."

The old lady glanced toward the upper end of Main street, then uttered a suppressed groan. With nervous fingers, and the assistance of her daughter, she hurried on her clothes. The two women hastened through the thronging streets to find their worst fears realized.

The entire roof of the corner store was all aglow. The other was just catching.

The dilapidated engine proved inefficient; and though the citizens worked most diligently, their utmost efforts seemed powerless to quench the all-devouring flames.

Mother and daughter stood leaning against an opposite fence, stood watching in mute despair till the last shingle had fallen in, and the last rafter lay blazing on the bed of coals. Silently they then returned to the lowly brown frame house—the sole possession they now retained.

This had sheltered them, while the annual rent of the two small business houses, with economy, had provided for their daily wants.

The property was not insured, and, as before stated, a quarter's rent had already been taken in advance for Mabel's wedding outfit.

The few sympathizing friends had left them, and as nothing could be done at present, they sought their beds again—but not to sleep.

After a time the widow said, "My daughter, Providence has not forsaken us. What should we do if it was not for your approaching marriage?" Henry is so generous. I know that he will gladly pay it all; and he seems so much a son I will not hesitate to accept the gift from him."

Mabel had not told her mother of her late resolve, or the cause she had for making it. Now her heart smote her as she realized the disappointment it would bring to that fond parent's dearest hopes. She wavered—"Should she do it? Was it not being conscientious overmuch to reject a wealthy suitor just because he was a flirt, and thus bring debt and want upon her aged mother?"

A better voice whispered:

"You need not want. You have ability, use it. You have accomplishments! Impart them to others, and hereby earn an honest livelihood."

Alas, the evil voice was waiting, and it now muttered:

"I will not do it. Be constantly confined in a close school-room, to drill the minds of idle, stupid children? To be wakened early through the winter mornings which are coming; then sit up late at night to darn my common clothes? Death would be preferable! How can I do it?"

The next day she was walking on the river bank, still revolving the question in her mind. So deeply was she meditating she did not notice that other human beings were near her, till her attention was arrested by the sound of conversation.

Seated upon the grassy bank, two girls were earnestly discoursing. Fanny Keen, the most jealous of the rival belles was just remarking:

"Well, if I was a betting character I'd stake the worth of half pa's warehouse that he'll never marry her."

"Why?" returned the other. "That trifling loss surely will not effect him. She was poor as a church mouse before, and he'll never feel the pittance that the old lady costs him."

"I don't mean that," continued Fanny, "but he's such a flirt. When I was East two years ago I heard his reputation, even among the few friends I had in the city. They say he has jilted half-a-dozen girls in the same circle of society. Yet he is so skillful in the art of deceiving that each new victim trusts him with her entire confidence."

"If he should give her the mitten," responded Lucy Marl, "it would but serve her right. She always holds her head so *mighty* high, and is so vain of the little beauty she possesses. Still I should feel sorry for Mrs. Passiver. She has lost everything, and now, I suppose, Huntington is her only hope."

"Oh, pshaw! no need to pity her, she has a wealthy brother East. He'll help to support her. Mabel would then have to work like other common folks; and our triumph over her would be so great. The gents would hardly be so crazy about a castoff. It would do me good to see her beauless."

Mabel stayed to hear no more. Her eyes were flashing fire. An angry flush burned upon her cheek. The proud lip curled in scorn, and the delicate nostrils were distended with almost fierce rage, as she hastened on beyond the boundaries of town.

Would he coquet with her? No, no! She did not fear that. Unpracticed as she was in the world's deception, she had studied the emotions of his heart with care. She did not doubt that many a poor girl had been his dupe. But she was not destined to be one.

Her rare beauty had won his love. In this alone her influence lay. He almost worshipped her. Of this she felt assured. But if she now rejected him, even for so good cause, would the result not be the same?

Her mother an object of charity; she earning her own bread if she could! Perhaps pitied and neglected by all the town, and worse than that continually doomed to read the exultation which would sparkle in the faces of her contemptible rivals.

"That idea is unendurable," she reflected; "so away with all my saint-like resolutions. Once more I yield myself a voluntary victim to the martyr's pyre."

The time of her sacrifice was drawing swiftly near. But one more week must pass before her doom was sealed———.

Another letter from Professor Tower. It was with painful pleasure she tore the envelope from the sheet and reflected that these would be his last words to her.

The last time she could allow her heart to throb at thoughts of him.

She read, and read, and read again, till every sentence seemed scorched upon her memory. His aunt, that kind old matron, was dead. He said he was lonely in the great house now.

He could not put a hireling in her place, therefore his school was broken up. He wanted a change; must leave the city for awhile; would come to H——— to see his favorite pupil. He longed to see her, to hear of her works, to witness the improvement she had made toward a higher life.

"Thank Heaven!" she thought, "he will not come till I am gone. What would I not give to see him."

As this wish passed through her mind, her long-pent sorrows flowed in tears.

Two carriages stopped before the little Gothic church. The wedding party entered. All eyes were turned toward the lovely bride and manly groom.

The venerable clergyman passed through the preliminaries. The question, "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his tongue," was followed by the usual pause, broken by a female voice which said, timidly: "I object." "Upon what authority?" interrogated the astonished man of God.

At this, a beautiful little woman, neatly dressed in brown merino, rose to her feet, and thus addressed the waiting company:

"It is not for my own sake I interfere at this imposing scene; but I would spare the fair young being now before the altar a life of shame and misery. Henry Huntington is a married man, and I his lawful wife. I was the daughter of a shoemaker in the town of Brooklyn. He won my love, and offered me his hand in marriage.

"Telling me (what I already knew) that his father was a wealthy aristocrat, and would consider such a union quite degrading—perhaps disinheriting him on that account—he proposed that we should conceal our marriage till after the old gentleman's death, when he could acknowledge me before the world. To this I foolishly agreed. For two years after I became his wife, I continued living with my humble parents. During this time he was quite attentive. Frequently visiting me in secret, he spent much time instructing me in many things which he said would better fit me for the best society. I was very happy those two years; but then there came a change. I did not see him near so often.

"When he did stay with me he seemed reserved, or restless and impatient at my chidings. At length he left me altogether.

"Scorning to recall him, my love has now changed to entire indifference.

"A few days ago, by accident, I heard of his approaching marriage with a lady of this town. With all speed I hastened here to save her. The packet arrived just in time, and I am happy to be able to prevent his villainy."

The bridegroom, in a loud, excited voice, demanded:

"Woman, can you prove this base assertion?"

"I can," answered a respectable looking man, now rising. "I am an humble minister of the gospel. I performed the ceremony."

"I can," replied another voice. "I am clerk of the court, and the marriage recorded."

"And I," "And I," said a third and fourth. "We were witnesses."

The face of the wicked man grew livid. For a moment he ground his teeth in the rage of disappointment. Then turning with a sickly smile, but strange composure, asked:

"Mabel, you do not believe me guilty of this great crime?"

The beauty cast upon him one glance of scorn so withering, that even his well drilled eyelids fell, and instantly he dropped the cold, white hand he had been holding.

One hour after this, Henry Huntington was on his way across the country.

Our heroine had listened to the strange announcement with stoical composure. The first sensation she had experienced was that of wounded pride. "What would the world say? How her rivals now could triumph!"

Then came the troubled thought, "My mother!" Last of all, her mind was crowded with an utter detestation for the guilty creature, from whose power she had so mercifully escaped.

It was then she glanced at him. After that a film seemed to cross her eyes. She grew faint. Her steps tottered, and she was carried senseless from the church.

When she felt her consciousness returning, she asked herself, "Where am I?" Her fingers lay in some warm palm, while another hand was gently chafing hers. Slowly she raised her languid eyelids, then quickly closed them.

"What could it mean? Was Albert Tower there? Had he, too, witnessed her humiliation?" Wondering at the strange delusion, she listened.

Yes! that was a familiar voice which said:

"Remember, Mabel, God afflicts in mercy. If he whom you loved has proved other than you thought him, be thankful you are spared a still greater misfortune."

A deep blush crimsoned the cheek of the unhappy girl as she murmured,

"I never loved him."

"Never loved him!" exclaimed her hearer in unfeigned astonishment. "Why were you not about to take a solemn oath before God and man to that effect?"

"Yes, yes; but wait a moment, and I will tell you all."

Sitting erect upon her lounge, she then explained the peculiar temptation which had beset her. She told him of the war within her soul between the voices; and how the worldly one had conquered.

"My poor, poor child," he said, earnestly, "you have never known how sweet it is to labor for the good of others."

For several days Professor Tower was a welcome guest at the old brown house. Of course he learned the widow's circumstances, her recent loss, &c. During this time he had been solicited by some prominent citizens of H——— to open there a select school for young ladies. After some consideration, he accepted the proposition; then asked Mabel if he might depend on her as an assistant. She unhesitatingly complied with his request.

Although she did not shrink from work when he was by her side, yet she was astonished to find how pleasantly the well-employed days slid by.

The long winter evenings which she had so much dreaded, notwithstanding they were often spent *darning common* clothes, seemed the happiest of her life; for *he* was ever near to amuse, to cheer, or comfort.

Mrs. Passiver had never quite recovered from the two successive shocks, viz: the loss of property; then that cruel disappointment in the character of her anticipated son-in-law.

Her depressed mind and weakened body made her an easy victim to the malignant fever which prevailed that winter. After one week's severe illness she felt herself rapidly sinking, so turning toward her two untiring nurses, said,

"Professor, when I am gone, will you be a brother to my child?"

"Yes, more than a brother."

In a gentler voice he added—

"With her permission, I will be the rightful guardian of her life." Taking Mabel's unresisting hand within his own, he still continued: "My pupil, I have loved you long and deeply. Being poor, and old enough to be your father, I would not offer you my hand till you had seen more of the world and other men. But now, dear child, if you can give your heart to me, I will cherish your young beauty as the rarest blossom in the garden of my heart."

With eyes suffused with tears, she placed her hand in his, and there together as by mutual impulse, they knelt to receive the dying mother's blessing.

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The following autumn, Annie Clide was to be married to a wealthy banker of Cincinnati. He was her parent's choice; and rumor said she did not love him.

A short time before the wedding, Mabel Tower was admiring her magnificent trousseau, when she laughingly remarked—

"Annie, I think the old gipsy fortune-teller ought to be here now, to preach to you 'love in a cottage' again."

Annie's smile was rather sad as she replied,

"Yes, I often think that old dame must have been cross-eyed. She read your destiny in my face, and vice-versa.

Mabel responded with a sympathizing sigh—

"It does seem so indeed. My life is far happier than I deserve. Since dear mother's death, the old brown house is more to me than any palace could be; and my husband's love is the only gem I care to own."

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MATERNAL CARE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.—Dr. Livingstone in his last book relates the following anecdote:

"As we were sleeping one night outside a hut, but near enough to hear what was going on within, an anxious mother began to grind her corn about two o'clock in the morning. 'Ma,' inquired a little girl, 'why grind in the dark?' Mamma advised sleep, and administered material for a sweet dream to her darling, by saying, 'I grind meal to buy a cloth from the strangers, which will make you look a little lady.'"

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A TRAVELLER relating his experience in the East Indies, alluded to the great number of servants employed by gentlemen in that country. "For to take care of my pipe," said he, "I had four servants." "Is it possible?" "Yes;" it was the duty of the first to bring me the pipe; the second filled it; the third lighted it." "And what did the fourth do?" "The fourth smoked it—I never could bear tobacco myself."

## THE STREAM'S COMPLAINT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STELLA.

'Mong forest mosses wet with spray,
And shadows nestling cool and grey,
A mountain brook sings all the day.

Once, when the weary breezes slept
In summer time, it near me crept
Complaining, till I could have wept.

And this the burden that it bore—
This the lone sorrow that it wore,
Murmuring the sad strain o'er and o'er.

"'Tis said I sing a merry lay,
And sport my giddy life away
Without a pang from day to day;

"They little know that on the morn—
The dew-bright morn that I was born,
When wild floods had the turf uptorn,

"That the sad spirit of the sea—
The proud, the restless, and the free,
Stole from its far green caves to me;

"And told me all—how sad a thing
To hide in shadowy woods and sing
Through all the year from spring to spring;

"With no companionship but birds
And their bright tanglement of words
That echo only answering chords:—

"Or yet perchance a vagrant breeze
Stooping to kiss the lonely trees,
And me more lonely still than these:—

"That human foot would scorn to tread
The wildwood where I made my bed—
The hunted stag should bound instead,

"And snuff the solitary air
With eager and affrighted glare,
Stirless beside me if he dare.

"A silent wand was over me bent,
The spirit from the woodland went
And left me to my discontent.

"Alone! my song must need be stayed,
Forever hidden in the shade
From all the brightness heaven hath made.

"I hear the revellers dancing free
In the broad moonlight on the lea—
What care the joyous throng for me?

"'Tis true, a maiden passing fair,
Came yesterday and bound her hair
With the one rose I had to spare;

"She pleased while murmuring something low,
Till burned her white cheek all a-glow,
With passion *I* might never know.

"At last her sweet face saddened grew,
Her lover would not come, she knew,
For heavy now had rained the dew;

"And then she hummed in weary tone
A low refrain so sad and lone
I could have claimed it as my own;

"And yet once more her young head bent,
And from the shadows forth she went
And left me to my discontent."

## THE ORDEAL OF FIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

Business once compelled me to make a journey through a section of the Lone Star state, and while weatherbound at a rude tavern in a small country town, I heard the following story.

The narrator was a man who had spent the most of his life on the plains in the capacity of herdsman, having had charge of large flocks of cattle, that find rich grazing grounds in that state. Sometimes he had been the manager, with a number of assistants under his control, for as the flocks roamed over a portion of country as large as a first class kingdom in Germany, it needed more than one to care for them, and to see that they did not stray beyond the bounds claimed by the landholder as his own.

The herdsman commenced his story in this wise, addressing it to me, and I give it as near as possible in his own words:

"Perhaps some of you here can remember, and you, stranger, may have heard how dry it was in this section of country seven years ago this summer. Not a drop of rain fell for many weeks, and the grass became as powder beneath your feet, and springs dried up that were never known to fail before. Every day the sun rose unclouded, and seemed to grow hotter, until the air was like the blasts from a furnace, and man nor beast could hardly get their breath, or find water wherewith to quench their thirst. I and three other fellows, and better chaps than they I never want to mate with, were keeping a herd of nearly a thousand, and we had some of the best grazing lands to be found in this part of the country, and through the first weeks of the summer I never knew cattle to improve as they did. Their sorrow and ours were all to come.

"At last, I think it was about the tenth of July, all rains ceased and the heat began to increase; and from that time forward, each day was hotter than the one before it. Though we would say to ourselves—'It can't be any hotter than it is!' We little knew of the terrible ordeal that was in store for us.

"The grass withered and died, and at last began to crumble beneath our feet; and the cattle could hardly be forced by hunger to quit the moist places about the springs to crop the burning grass. They seemed to have made up their minds to starve rather than to exert themselves in the least.

"Day after day went on and brought no relief, but increased the suffering of the cattle tenfold. The ground became parched—and the grass, what remained of it, was like cinders and as inflammable as powder. No dew fell at night; and it was in vain that our first look in the morning was for rain. Each sunrise was as unclouded as the sunset had been; and it seemed that clouds and rain were among those things that never had been known.

"Hotter and hotter grew the air, and at last the cattle began to fall, and soon to die; and in council we decided that there was but one way that we could save their lives. This was fraught with many dangers. We must make for the river. The nearest one was upwards of fifty miles distant. Once there, we knew that it would be cooler, and on the borders there would be plenty of stout, coarse grass, that the heat would not effect. Once there and our herd would be sure of water, and could subsist upon it until the rains should come to reclothe the plains.

"Our way must take us over ground scorched to barrenness, mostly level land, although it was cut up here and there into hills and valleys, and among the latter we must look for water for the brutes under our charge; and this supply was doubtful, for the great heat without doubt had dried it up in many places, and our cattle might drop down from thirst long before the river's bank could be reached. But there was no alternative but to start; and one morning, long before the sun was up, we were on our toilsome, weary way.

"We expected to have trouble with the cattle in starting them away from the haunts they were familiar with; but greatly to our satisfaction, they seemed to know that the contemplated movement was for their good, and they started off in the direction we wished them to take with hardly any exertion on our part.

"We were well acquainted with the country, as we had often passed over the ground, and towards a valley some fifteen miles away, we directed our steps, knowing that there would be water there, if anywhere on the route.

"In the cool of the early morning we made good progress, but soon after the sun came up glowing like a furnace. The heat began to grow, and in a short time it told upon the cattle so that they began to lag, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could urge them along, and the sun told us that it was past noon before the valley was reached; and no sooner did they come to the moist ground than they laid down, and could not be prevailed upon to rise again for food until the sun was almost on a level with our feet.

"There was hardly water enough in this place for our wants. And the next morning we set out with dire forebodings that the next valley or stopping-place should prove to be as dry as the plains over which we were wending our weary way. If such should prove to be the case, our worst fears would be realized—for the whole herd would die of thirst long before it would be possible for us to urge them to the river's bank.

"The sun came up more scorching than ever, and we found that it was impossible to drive the cattle faster than a slow walk. The heat was so intense, and a slight wind that had sprung up, seemed like the blast of a furnace, not affording us the least relief, but added, if possible, to our uncomfortableness.

"Our worst fears were realized. It was past noon when the place was reached, and our hearts sank within us, when not a drop was to be seen. The cattle rushed forward with their heads to the ground, in the vain search for the wherewith to appease their thirst, and would thrust their noses into the earth where there was the least signs of moisture, and showing their disappointment at finding none by fighting each other, and so great was the tumult that we were in danger, as we went in among them in the hopes of finding a little whereby could wet our parched lips.

"In one spot where the moisture seemed to be the greatest, we managed to dig a small place with our own hands, and found water enough to assuage our own thirst, and we tried in vain to enlarge the shallow pool so that the herd might some of them quaff a little, but although we did somewhat enlarge it, the moment they were allowed to approach they trampled it to mud in a moment.

"To remain at this place was impossible, yet to go forward seemed to be leading the cattle to their death. Five miles further on there was another valley where water was sometimes found. Perhaps a little might still remain. We would try and reach that if could be done.

"It was with great difficulty that we got the herd on its way, and the horrors of that afternoon must be experienced to be known fully. The heat was terrible; the dust raised by the herd suffocating, and this was added to the dread portending that no water could be found nearer than the river.

"The red sun had sunk behind the hills that encircled a deep valley as we entered it and began our search for water. Not a drop was to be found. Our search was long, but at last it was given up, and the hope of saving the lives of our cattle at the same time. We should not suffer much ourselves, for we still had a little remaining that we had obtained at the last valley, but our cattle, it was pitiful to hear them try to make their wants known to us, and to witness their frantic attempts to satisfy their thirst.

"We held a consultation, and decided to let the cattle rest for a couple of hours, and then make an endeavor to reach the river, although we had little hopes of reaching it with any of our charge alive. Yet we could not bear to see them die without one more effort on our part.

"We found a spot where there would be no danger of the herd trampling upon us, and laid down to try and get a few minutes sleep before we set out on our last hopeless march.

"It was a long time before I could sleep, the scene around me was so strange.

"We were hemmed in by high hills that lay on every side, enclosing us in a small circular valley. Over this on the dry, parched ground, where there was hardly a particle of moisture to be found, the cattle were wandering to and fro in a vain effort to quench their thirst. It was a strange sight, the high hills around us, above which the stars were gleaming, and the excited cattle moving about amid the shadows as if penned and seeking to escape. Like spirits bound up in the heart of some granite mountains ever striving to escape—like a story I once heard—and for a time these thoughts kept me awake, but at last fatigue overcame the mind and I fell asleep only to dream a dream that awoke me in a fright.

"I thought that I was in the hands of the Indians, and was about to be put to death at the stake. I was led out from the place where I had been confined and tied to the fatal post, and the dry faggots heaped about me until they reached my shoulders; and while this was being done my captors were howling their death song and making horrible grimaces at me. At last their song was ended, and a warrior approached me with a blazing faggot. Thrice he waved it about his head, and then thrust it among the dry branches. I heard the crackling of the flames, felt the suffocating smoke, and in my agony awoke and sprang to my feet.

"Great God! Was I still dreaming? Was I asleep or awake? For a moment I could not tell, as the sight that fell upon my eyes seemed the creation of my dream. All was as light as day; not the bright sunshine, but the glow of red flames that lit up the hills, the sky, and all around with an unearthly light.

"I shouted to my companions, and they sprang to their feet in alarm, and for a moment dazzled by the brilliant light, could not comprehend our situation any more than myself. But at last, Ben Haly, the oldest of my companions, and who had spent the most of his life on the plains, exclaimed:

"'My God! we are lost! A wall of fire is all around us, and it is the work of the cursed redskins!'

"What the old man said was true. All around was a roaring wall of fire, that without doubt the Indians had lit on the summits of the hills; and as the dry grass was like powder, it was but a few moments before the circle was complete, and was drawing around us as like the coils of a huge serpent. Even now the heat was almost unbearable, and it would not be many moments before we should be in agony. It was evident that the Indians had come upon us after we had lain down, and either being small in numbers, and fearing to attack us, or out of devilish malice selected this as the mode of our death, had fired the circle all about us, and now, without doubt, were hurrying away from the outer circle of flame that was of course advancing in opposite directions.

"More than one ejaculation, that sounded more like a curse than a blessing, we bestowed upon the authors of our misfortunes, as we hurried round the fiery circle that was rapidly growing smaller, in hopes of finding a spot where the flames were not so fierce, and we could escape through the barriers with our lives. But no such spot was found, and we came to a stand-still, looking dumbly in each other's faces, and then at the suffering cattle trampling and bellowing around us, rendered almost frantic by the heat and want of water. I tell you, stranger, it is a terrible thing to face death in such a way as this. When you are fighting a redskin or a bear, you have some hope, and at least you know that you can do them some harm; but when you come to have an enemy that you know that you can't harm, and there is no escape from him, it makes a man's heart feel small I can tell you.

"Smaller and smaller came the fiery circle, and hotter it became. With great strides the flames came towards us, and our sufferings increased two-fold. Death was upon us, and from him there seemed no possible escape.

"Such terrible sounds of suffering as came from the poor cattle, I hope I may never hear again. In the midst of our own horror, we could not be unmindful of their suffering, and I thought that if they could escape I should be more reconciled to our fate. From long tending, they had become dear to us.

"On came the flames, crackling and roaring like an army of fiery demons. Our sufferings would soon be over. Hope there was none; and we bade farewell to earth, and tried to make our peace with Heaven.

"Suddenly, and as if actuated by one impulse, the cattle gave a terrible roar, and bounded into the raging flames. They had sprung to meet death rather than wait for it.

"Something between a roar and a shriek came from behind the flames, and we knew that some of them were alive, although without doubt they were terribly burnt. This was awful, but not the worst; for as the last of the herd disappeared, two of my companions sprang after them. We heard a cry of mortal agony, that rose high above the roaring of the flames, and it went to our hearts like a knife.

"Ben Haly and I looked in each other's faces. No, we would not follow them, though certain death was before us. We could not spring forward to meet the grim monster.

"Not far from the centre of the small spot that still remained to us was a large rock, and to this we dragged ourselves, though nearly overcome by the intense heat. By it we would die, and it should mark where our ashes lay.

"'Thank God! here is a little water!' I exclaimed as my foot pressed through the turf by the rock, and I felt it bubble around it with a delicious coolness.

"'Then we have a chance for our life!' exclaimed Ben. 'Quick, give me your hatchet, then you unroll these blankets!'

"In a moment I saw Ben's object, and was striving to help him with a will, such as only one can have from love of life. Four sticks were cut from some bushes growing close at hand, our blankets well saturated with the waters that had sprung up as did that of old from the rock in the wilderness, and hung upon them above the spot where the welcome liquid had been found, and beneath this we took shelter and waited for the flames.

"We had not long to wait. With a fearful roar the flames surged above, over and around us, and we striving for our lives, with our cups threw water upon the blankets that were our only shelter which more than once we thought would burn in spite of all our efforts.

"The flames raged but a few moments, although to us it seemed an age. The grass was so dry that it was soon swept up, though we did not emerge from our place of refuge for nearly half an hour, and when we did it was with thankful hearts, as you can imagine, stranger.

"Over the smoking ground we passed to the spot where we had last seen our companions, and where we feared we should find their blackened remains. We were not mistaken, for there the poor fellows lay black and charred by the flame.

"It seemed that the moment they entered the fire their sinews contracted, and in spite of all their efforts they were obliged to sink upon a bed of flames and there give up their lives; and we left them there when the morning dawned after we had scooped out a shallow grave upon the spot where they had died.

"The morning light revealed a number of our cattle dead; others maimed and still alive, and some, strange to say, had escaped with only a bad scorching. The maimed we put out of their misery, but a portion of the latter we managed to get to the river where we found grass plenty, and in a short time they were as well as ever, although the scars upon their sides showed the ordeal through which they had passed; and thus, stranger, you have the end of my story!"

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"Cloud Crystals."—The beautiful book on snow, entitled Cloud Crystals, published last winter by the Appletons, is still obtainable at the bookstores, a new edition having been issued for the present holiday season. The lady who designed and prepared the volume, with its two hundred illustrations from nature, is understood to be Mrs. Dr. Chickering. She has added to the new edition the fruits of last winter's observation at Portland.

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☞ The principal streets of Sacramento are to be immediately lighted with gas.

## ORIGIN OF PHRASES.

*The Etymology of Words—Remarkable old Sayings and Quaint Expressions peculiar to all Ages and Nations—Customs, and Proverbs—Origin of Music, the Stage, and the Drama—Curiosities of Literature, Biblical Statistics, &c., &c., &c.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JAMES REES.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by James Rees, in the office of the clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### Poor as a Church Mouse.

This phrase we presume comes from the French Proverb "*Gueux comme un peintre.*" "As poor as a church mouse," and like the phrase "As poor as Job's turkey," is only tolerated for its absurdity.

### Blue Stocking.

The origin of this phrase bears date 1400, and was originally used in Venice to designate literally classes by colors. In Mr. Mill's history of Chivalry we read, "When consistently with the singular custom of the Italians, of marking academies and other intellectual associations by some external signs of folly, the members, when they met in literary discussion were distinguished by the colors of their stockings. The colors were sometimes fantastically blended, and at other times one color, particularly blue, prevailed." The application of the term to women, originated with Miss Hannah Moore's admirable description of a "Blue Stocking Club," in her "*Bas Bleu.*"

### A Feather in His Cap.

It was an ancient custom in Hungary, that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk—for every Turk killed, the hero mounted a feather; hence the phrase when any one was fortunate enough to kill his enemy, it was "a feather in his cap."

Among the North American Indians the custom was, and is to this day, to ornament their persons with the scalps of their enemies; we think the feather more poetical, although both partake of a certain degree of brutality.

### Wrap-Rascal.

This is an old cant term for a coarse upper garment.

### Habeas Corpus.

This is the famous statute 31, Charles II. cap. 2. The oppression of an obscure individual, one Francis Jenks, gave rise to the famous Habeas Corpus Act.

[*See State Trials, vol. vii., anno* 1676.]

### That's a Bite.

This is a modern slang phrase, and used, we regret to say, (not unfrequently) in high circles. Its proper signification is to be found in the Spectator, No. 504:

"A biter is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in itself, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it, and if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you."

Richardson says: "A bite, applied from the simpleness, silliness, eagerness with which fish *bite*, or catch the *bait*, to that unsuspecting credulity which seizes and swallows whatever is imposed upon it."

Swift uses it thus: "I'll teach you a way to out Mrs. Johnson; it is a new fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *bite*. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; then cry you, *madam, there's a bite.*"

### All Talk and No Cider.

This phrase originated with an old Pennsylvanian very fond of cider. On one occasion being invited to a convivial party, there happened to be more talkers than drinkers, when the old lover of the juice of the apple becoming tired of listening, very emphatically observed, this is "*all talk and no cider,*" hence the origin of the saying.

### Nine Pins.

"*People to Moorfields flock on shoals*
*At nine pins and at pigeon holes.*"

[1707.]

"*Reape playes at nine holes.*"
*Old English game.*

The game of nine pins, still common in England under the name of skittles, is spoken of as far back as 1641. A writer of that period says: "I should wish thee to haunt bowling alleys, and frequent gaming houses, where you may live all day long upon the rooke on the bank-side, or to play at *nine pins*, or pigeon holes, &c."

### Pudding Time.

In pudding time, in the nick of time, at the commencement of dinner; it having been usual to begin with pudding, a custom which still exists among the humble classes in England. "I came in season, as they say, in pudding time."

### Hurly-Burly.

"When the *hurly-burly's* done,
When the battle's lost and won."
*Shak.*

This word, Skinner thinks, is derived from—*to whirl*, it is probably no other than *hurl*, in its consequential usage of stir, commotion, tumult, and *burly*—big, boisterous.

Henderson remarks that, however mean this word may seem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakespeare by the authority of H. Peacham, who, in a book professing to teach the ornaments of language, mentions *hurly-burly*, as an onomatopœia, signifying an uproar, tumult, &c.

We have also another origin of the word, which is that of two neighboring families, *Hurleigh and Burleigh*, which filled their part of the country with contest and violence, hence the saying, "What a hurly-burly you are making," whenever there was noise or confusion.

### Nick of Time.

*Nick*—Used in the proverbial expression, "to knock a nick in the post," i. e., to make a record of any remarkable event. This is evidently an ancient method of recording. Similiarly we have "cut your stick," in which the reference is clearly to the ancient tallies, it is equivalent to "make your mark, and pass on," hence, "to cut your stick."

Cutting one's stick, is used as a vulgarism of fast life, tantamount to the phrase of "Cutting the connection" or taking a sudden departure from some embarrassing position.

Mr. Timbs refers, as its probable origin, to an expression of Walpole in 1770, in reference to his being able to walk without a stick after a severe fit of illness. But if the cant term does not simply refer to cutting a walking-stick in the hedge on the occasion of any sudden journey, it may by possibility have some remote connection with the following unique passage in the prophet Zechariah, in which the cutting of a stick is described as a symbol of abrogating a friendly covenant, or abruptly breaking of the brotherhood between two parties—Chap. xi. 4. Thus says the Lord my God, Feed the flock of the slaughter. 6. For I will no more pity the inhabitants of the land, saith the Lord; but lo, I will deliver the men every one into his neighbor's hand. 7. And I will feed the flock of the slaughter; even you, O poor of the flock! And I took unto me two staves; the one I called Beauty, and the other I called Bands, and I fed the flock. 8. Three shepherds also I cut off in one month; and my soul loathed them, and their soul also abhorred me. 10. And I took my *staff*, even Beauty, and *cut it asunder*, that I might *break my covenant which I had made with all the people.* 11. And it was broken in that day; and so the poor of the flock that waited upon me knew that it was the word of the Lord. 12. And I said unto them, If ye think good, give me my price; and if not, forbear. So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver. 14. Then *I cut asunder mine other staff*, even Bands; that I might *break the brotherhood between Judah and Israel.*"

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## Mrs. Featherby's Family.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### VII.

I have said that the Featherbys were people who had seen better days. Where or when, no mortal knows. I suspect it was some generations before any of the present family were born. Featherby, paternal, walks no more among men. Those who knew him well say that while he was mortal here below, he was a man very remarkable for nothing in particular. He "hadn't an enemy in the world." His chief aim in life appeared to be the playing of jack-straws with the young Featherbys. He appears to have mumbled on through the world in a mild sort of way for forty years and at the end of them, mildly died.

Not so Featherby, maternal, model of boarding-house keeper gentility. I doubt if anybody ever brought the accusation against her that she was mild. Or if so, it was as if one should say, mild caustic, or mild vinegar. If Featherby masculine was the neutral salt, Featherby feminine was a most powerful acid. Was and is. Besides this, she is—begging my refined reader's pardon for the Saxon word—stingy. Like Barkis, she always was a little near, and seems to be getting nearer and nearer every day. I saw her once when a dry-goods' bill had just been presented to her. She sat swaying back and forth in a wheezy rocking-chair, her elbows resting upon her knees, her hands embracing her chin, and her fingers convulsively grasping her cap border. Her expression was as if some unutterable calamity had befallen her. Had Cinthy Ann gone off in a fit? No; Cinthy Ann was sitting unconcernedly at the front window, exhibiting her new waterfall. Had Moses been brought home on a shutter, in a state of ——? But I had seen Moses taking his little lunch of bread and cold cabbage in Fleece & Grindem's back office, not ten minutes before. What was it? Surely death had taken away her dearest earthly friend. But at this moment she lifted up her voice and spake. I had heard Forest act Richard III.; I had seen Charlotte Cushman in Lady Macbeth; had looked on while a college president lectured a quaking freshman for appropriating chickens; I had listened to Artemus Ward speak his piece, but never yet witnessed these eyes the quintessence of high tragedy till I heard the awful words of that ancient Featherby. She shook her fist at Cinthy Ann, her voice quivered, her lips quivered, the words rattled in her throat. Here is what she said:—"AND YOU ASKED ME FOR FIVE DOLLARS THIS MORNING!!" which relieved my mind from any further alarm,

"There never was a goose so gray,
But some day, soon or late," &c.

It isn't so. Cinthy Ann Featherby is a very gray goose now, and her day full late, but as yet no honest mate quacks companionably at her side. Perhaps the honest mate forgot to quack as he swam by. May be he was hoarse and couldn't make himself heard. I know not, cannot pretend to say. Only I know that C. A. F. is mateless. Her "folks" call her Cinthy Ann. I shall do the same. It sounds homelike. She is thirty-seven, or thereabouts, not very tall, but very slim, with a Roman nose, which I am sorry to say doesn't correspond well with the style she affects—that of extreme infantile simplicity. Think of a thin female carrying a huge Roman nose, which always looms up when you see her coming, like the hull of a propeller shoved into harbor by a little tug; then connect that nose with infantile simplicity. "When I was in Noo Yawk," she used to say, (she always prefaces a favorite narrative with, "When I was in Noo Yawk,") "I was so pure-minded, that I would blush at the least thing, and I was so modest and innocent that they always called me 'Little Snowdrop.' 'Little Snowdrop!'" Oh, that nose! Cinthy Ann has hair and eyes the color of a boiled potato skin. It is nearly always your women with this sort of milk-and-water complexion who have most furious tempers and the hysterics. To look at them you would think they were the most dove like creatures! as sweet-tempered as fresh butter. But oppose them once in a pet whim. My! Better take a trip on the Hudson River Railroad. You will have hail and thunderbolts about your ears in less time than you can take breath. So with Cinthy Ann. Sometimes she will have hysterics for two hours, raise the neighbors, box the ears of Moses, and threaten to kill herself. But she never does. After Rev. P. Dipem became a member of the Featherby household, in one of those queer freaks which sometimes seize people, Cinthy Ann suddenly became eminently devout, and straightway connected herself with the Rev. P. D.'s church. On Sunday she betaketh herself to church, leaving Moses to put on an apron and sweep and dust all day. For these and the like sinful proceedings, she pours out the vials of her wrath upon the head of poor Moses, who, meeker than a sheep, answers not a word. At least I never knew him to but once. That was on an occasion when the angelic Cinthy Ann's rage had waxed fierce beyond all bounds. She stamped her foot, and declared over and over again that she wouldn't have such scandalous goings on in the house Sundays, and she wouldn't have it; she *wouldn't have it.* She showed symptoms of hysterics, then, as if changing her mind, she took the Bible and read to her mother and the much-enduring Moses: "Fret not thyself because of evil doers," &c. So she consoled herself. Then she conveyed herself and her excited feelings to repose. Suddenly she reappeared with the bound of a cat in the room where the two still sat talking.

"I won't stand it," said she; "I won't stand it to be backbited in this way."

"Backbite is an irregular verb, my dear," remarked Moses gently.

It was the only spark of spirit I ever knew him to exhibit in my life. There is one member of the Featherby family not yet described, although frequently referred to. Moses Featherby is the sole and only man I ever saw who redeemed humanity from the charge of total depravity. He is the half-paid law-clerk of Fleece & Grindem, and every cent of his slender pittance is religiously handed over to his mother and sister. Fleece & Grindem overwork him; Madame F. vents her splenetic humors upon him; Cinthy Ann half starves him, and pulls his hair when she has the tantrums; his brother law-clerks laugh at him, and everybody imposes upon him. At home he is between cat and dog, in the law office he is made fun of, and with it all he is still the same, the mildest, humblest, tenderest-hearted man that was ever abused by an evil tempered Cinthy Ann. You have heard of henpecked husbands, though I doubt if anybody ever saw one, but Moses is a most henpecked son and brother. No amount of nagging and worrying provokes him to "talk back" though. This gentlest of all men picks his way along through the world in his little short coat of shabby gray, always sacrificing himself for others, always taking the poorest and meanest as his share, turning out on the sidewalk for you in a deprecating manner, as though he would like to apologize for living at all. Until I met him, I never rightly understood what people meant by the expression, "as meek as Moses."

This last character is no caricature. It exists, just as I have described it, meek, kindly, self-denying and long suffering. I hope it may have its exceeding great reward. For however much folks may moralize, virtue is not its own sufficient reward. Perhaps it will be in the next world, where will be all saint and no sinner, but our earthy nature is so builded that we look for a tangible, material happiness, in return for our good works. Prate as much as we please, this is so, and we cannot help it. ZiG.

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☞ An old bean, formerly well-known in Washington City, was accustomed to eat but one meal in twenty-four hours. If after this he had to go to a party and take a second dinner, he ate nothing all next day. He died at the age of seventy.

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THE PAIN KILLER,

So justly celebrated, was introduced to the public several years ago, and now enjoys a popularity unequalled by any other medicine. For the cure of Diptheria, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Rheumatism, Coughs and Colds, Scalds, Burns, etc., it is without an equal. Sold by all the principal druggists.—*Daily Plaindealer, Cleveland, Ohio.*

feb10-2t

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"Itch" Cures in from 12 to 48 hours. "Tetter"
"Itch" SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. "Tetter"
"Itch" SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. "Tetter"
"Itch" NEVER FAILS TO CURE "Tetter"

Salt-rheum, Scald-head, all Skin Diseases. Price 50 cents. By mail 60 cents. Prepared by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. dec7-eow

No REMEDY IN THE WORLD ever came into such universal use, or has so fully won the confidence of mankind, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for the cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

feb10-2t

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MALES AND FEMALES, who are in want of business. The well-known House of S. M. Ward & Co., Manufacturing Jewelers, 209 Broadway, N. Y., wish to establish an AGENCY in every town in the U. S., and in order that the Agent can have a sample to exhibit to their customers, they will send as a sample, on the receipt of $2 00, a genuine Gold Pen (warranted) with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, together with a Wholesale Circular to Agents, and eleven certificates, or a Sample Certificate for 25 cts.

There is no Agent but what can make easily $3 a day, and often $10. feb3-2t

## THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market continues dull. Sales of 4000 bbls at $8,50@9 ₱ bbl for Northwestern extra family, and $9,50 ₱ bbl for Pennsylvania and Ohio do., including 200 bbls fancy at $12. Rye Flour sells at $5,50.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is dull and lower. Sales of 12,000 bush at $1,60@2 for common and fair quality, and $2,10@2,25 for good to choice, including white at $2,25@2,70. Rye—Sales of Southern Pennsylvania at 90@95c. Corn—20,000 bush yellow sold at 73@74c. Oats—10,000 bush sold at 47@48c.

PROVISIONS are less active and prices drooping; small sales of new Mess Pork are making at $30 ₱ bbl. Bacon Hams at 20@23c, pickled Hams at 18½@19½c and Lard at 18@19½c ₱ lb. Butter; sales of solid packed at 30@32c, and roll at 30@40c. Cheese; sales of New York at 20c. Eggs sell at 34@35c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Sales 200 bales middling at 48@49c.

BARK—Sales 30 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $32,50 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX—Sales at 46@47c for yellow.

COAL—There is very little doing.

FEATHERS are held at 72@75c for fair and choice.

FRUIT—Green Apples range from $3 50 to $6 ₱ bbl. Dried do sell from 7 to 15½c for old and new. Dried Peaches range from 15 to 20c. Cranberries are selling at $8@12 ₱ bbl, according to quality.

HOPS—We quote new Eastern and Western at 65@70c and old at 30@40c.

IRON—Pig Metal is quiet. Small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $50 and No 2 at $45 ₱ ton.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet. Small sales of New Orleans at $1,10.

OILS—Petroleum—The market continues dull; sales of 5000 bbls crude at 31@32c; 5000 bbls refined, in bond, at 58@59c, and free at 68@74c.

RICE—Rangoon ranges from 9¼ to 9¾c., and Carolina, at 12@13c.

SEEDS—Sales of 3000 bus Clover seed at $7,75@8,00. 200 bus Timothy sold at $4@4,50. Flaxseed is in fair request at $3,15.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $1,50. Whiskey—Sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio at $2,26@2,27, and refilled at $2 25.

SUGAR has been dull. Sales of 70 hhds Cuba at 11¾@13¼c, and 8 do some Havana at 11c.

TALLOW is steady at 12½c for country, and 13c for city.

WOOL—Sales of 80,000 lbs fine at 68@70c, and medium fleece at 60@67c, including some unwashed at 30@40c.

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### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 15@16½c ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to $85 ₱ head. Sheep—7500 head were disposed of at from 7@7¾c ₱ lb. 2600 Hogs sold at from $13,50@15,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass.

feb10-3m

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS CURED without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.

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feb3-3m

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 106 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $2; twelve, $24. jan27-eow10t

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,25. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Jan., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborrow, OLIVER H. ANDERSON, formerly of Baltimore, Md., to Miss TERRELLEA L. C. FRANCIS of this city.

On the 21st of Jan., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JOHN MCKINLEY, Jr., to Miss MARY L., daughter of Jos. Bramell, Esq., both of this city.

On the 26th of Jan., by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. JOHN PAUL to Miss NANCY CONNOR, both of this city.

On the 1st of Jan., by the Rev. R. J. Carson, JAMES ALEXANDER to LOUISA M. ARBUCKLE.

On the 25th of Jan., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, JOHN S. FARRELL to CAROLINE A. DAVIS, daughter of the late Wm. Barton, of Norristown, Pa.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of Jan., THOMAS READING, in his 71st year.

On the 30th of Jan., Mr. HANCE HAMILTON, in his 59th year.

On the 29th of Jan., ROSANNA, wife of Jas. Hines, aged 50 years.

On the 29th of Jan., Mr. WILLIAM EDKINS, in his 37th year.

On the 29th of Jan., HANNAH ANN, wife of Wm. England, in her 38th year.

On the 28th of Jan., ANN, widow of the late John Meyers, aged about 75 years.

On the 27th of Jan., JOSEPH T. WILSON, in his 62d year.

On the 27th of Jan., Mr. DAVID SIBBICH, in his 70th year.

On the 27th of Jan., JAMES WALLACE, in his 68th year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the distingue appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

Prepared by W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y.

Address all orders to

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"We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment."

J. W. HEWITT,
Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

Gentlemen:—"I had a negro man worth $1,200 who took cold from a bad hurt, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustang Liniment. It has perfectly cured him and I can now take the above for him." Yours &c.,

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Every Planter, Teamster and Family should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will, hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade" "Mark," in two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy of none other.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan27-eow6m Proprietors, New York.

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* It is said that this peculiar style of dress adopted by an association in the city of London, gave rise to the Order of Odd Fellows.

### About Coming to Believe One's Own Lie.

It has been remarked of Lady Morgan, as an autobiographer, that, Irish in all things, she was pre-eminently Irish in her facts, for which she depended very little on her memory. Not that, retaining one impression of a scene or incident, she deliberately stated or wrote down another; but that, retaining none, or an imperfect one, she stated or wrote down what was best calculated for immediate effect, most pleasing to her public, or most flattering to herself. We are told that she once wrote to Lady Charleville from some town in Warwickshire, to say that she had settled down to finish one of her books in a charming country, in a pretty apartment opening on a conservatory, with a velvet lawn before her door; and that Lady Charleville, returning shortly afterwards from London to Dublin, stopped at the place, hunted up the address, and found "Glorvina" in a small lodging in the suburb looking on a cabbage garden. "Paradoxical as it may seem, there was as much self-deception as vanity in this. She had fancied herself into the heroine of one of her own romances, with the accessories, and wrote accordingly. The real and the factitious were so blended in her, that it gradually surpassed her power to separate them."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

### Sensational Literature.

At the east end of London almost all the murder and highwayman literature of the past sixty years is being re-published and sold in penny numbers. In tobacconists' shop windows up dirty courts and alleys this literature may be seen suspended between canisters and briar-roots on strings. The wood-cuts are of the Blueskin and Jonathan Wild stamp—slouching fellows with big boots, black masks, and gory polnards flashing high above the victims' heads. "Robinson Crusoe" has just been re-published in penny portions, and illustrated after the fashion; but it does not seem to be very popular. "It arn't strong enough, sir," answered a news-agent in reply to a question put to him.


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Send for circulars and see the liberal terms offered.

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The London Quarterly Review (Conservative).
The Edinburgh Review (Whig.)
The Westminster Review (Radical.)
The North British Review (Free-Church.)
AND
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late *Civil War*, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

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Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT,
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A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, inclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O Box 3566, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec9-10t

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

WANTED.—A crippled and helpless soldier wants every person to buy from him, four new and valuable articles, for the preservation and promotion of health, comfort, and enjoyment. Old and young need some of them every day of their life. Only *fifty cents* (in new currency.) I served two terms in the army; have two honorable discharges. Was robbed of all my money (several hundred dollars.) Have an aged and infirm mother to support; am crippled, and helpless, for life. And those who will be kind enough to patronize me, shall have, (to say the least,) more real value and satisfaction for their money than they ever have got, or ever will get, from any other source. Reader, please send me your order, I will try and make myself worthy of your kindness. I need your patronage very much, and would be most humbly grateful to you for it. As to the truth of my statement, &c., I refer you to a number of gentlemen of this place who know all about me and my circumstances; they are all as good men as can be found anywhere. Address, BENJAMIN MURPHEY, Shirleysburg, P. O., Huntingdon county, Pa.

References.—Rev. S. E. Collins, John Luty, P. M., Rev. P. L. Suine, Dr. Robert Baird, Hon. Geo. Lees, Capt. Joel Thomkins, Dr. W. F. McKnite, Lieut. Wm. Spanogle, J. H. Lightner, J. P., Sargt. S. P. Staub, H. Hertzler & Bro., Dr. J. G. Long, U. S. A. Surgeon. feb10-2t

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## REMOVAL TO NEW OFFICE.

On MONDAY, 8th inst., we shall remove from our temporary Office, No. 305 CHESTNUT Street, to our old location,

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With greatly enlarged facilities for the

PURCHASE AND SALE

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GOVERNMENT AND OTHER SECURITIES,

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JAY COOKE & CO.,
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COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—FROM THIS date, HENRY D. COOKE, HARRIS C. FAHNESTOCK, PITT COOKE, JOHN W. SEXTON, and GEORGE C. THOMAS, are partners with us in the Firm of JAY COOKE & CO., Philadelphia.

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WM. G. MOORHEAD.
Philadelphia, January 1, 1866. jan20-4t

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BELL COMPANY'S
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G. M. This is to certify, that a GOLD MEDAL was awarded the AMERICAN BELL COMPANY for STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS, with Harrison's Rotating Hanging apparatus.

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Secretary Board of Managers.

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FUN, INFORMATION, AND $1 SAMPLES sent gratis to any address. Don't neglect it. Enclose three cent stamp to prepay postage. Address CAMERON & CO., 146 Bleeker St., New York. feb10-4t

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Also, Hints; Fischer; and Kranshaar & Co.'s fine-toned and brilliant Pianos.

Treat. Linsley & Co.'s First Premium PARLOR ORGANS. *Five first premiums* over all other Organs, at State Fairs this Fall.

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FARMERS and DEALERS in FERTILIZERS will please take notice that we have adopted the following Trade Mark to protect ourselves, and prevent those who use our RAW BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE from being deceived when purchasing manures.

We have been obliged to give this protection to our customers, in consequence of several parties having unlawfully used our distinctive name, viz: "Raw Bone." In offering their article to the public This Trade Mark is adopted in addition to the title "Raw Bone," which is our exclusive property, and we caution all manufacturers from using it in future. We would state to the trade and consumers, that they will find it to their interest to see that the "Trade Mark" is upon every bag and barrel they purchase, as none other is genuine. BAUGH & SONS.

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We are now ready to supply it in large quantities—having made recent additions and improvements. Vessels drawing 16 feet of water can load directly from the wharves of the works, which are located at the foot of Morris Street, Delaware River. We call the attention of DEALERS to this great advantage.

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Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

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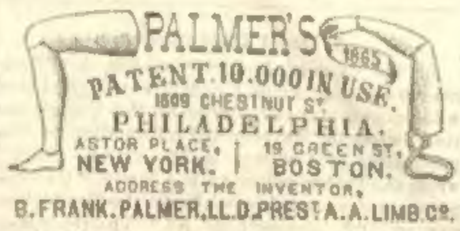


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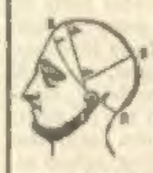

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| " 2.—From forehead over the head to neck. | " 2.—Over forehead as far as required. |
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF,

Which, in the first stages of a cold, acts like magic—Headache, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, and Bronchitis, Sore Eyes, Deafness, Bad Taste and Smell, being the result of Catarrh. This snuff removes and prevents all these, and insures a healthy Head. Its effects are pleasant and safe, even for infants who suffer from Snuffles.

It has the highest professional testimonials. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail to all parts of U. S., for 30 cents for one box, or $1 for four boxes. Address, JAS. DURNO, P. O Box 1235, New York.

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ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.—A Druggist said the other day, you have no need to advertise your Porous Plasters, for every one sold certainly causes a dozen to be sold, and a dozen sells a gross, and so on. You will not be able to supply the demand soon. But we can supply a thousand yards a day.

AFFECTION OF THE SPINE CURED.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 11th, 1861.

Messrs. THOS. ALLCOCK & Co.—Please send, with dispatch, twelve dozen Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing, a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay $5 for a single Plaster if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted; while the perforations peculiar to them rendered them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the Plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

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of prejudice and misapprehension, and carrying all before it

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

pursues its march of success. Like those of the Union, its colors are the cynosures of every eye, its victories

LEAVE NO STAIN.

It turns thousands of heads, and charms innumerable hearts. Containing no caustic element, it cannot injure the hair or blemish the skin.

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Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $3 per bottle, according to size. jan27teow

# WIT AND HUMOR.

### A Droll Postmaster.

In the days of Andrew Jackson, his Postmaster-General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know whereabouts was the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote for the required information to the postmaster of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the higher officer to the lower, "this department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up. Respectfully, &c." The reply was brief, and read thus: "Sir: The Tombigbee river doesn't run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, &c." The Postmaster-General continued the correspondence in this style: "Sir: Your appointment as postmaster at ——— is revoked. You will turn over the funds, papers, &c, pertaining to your office, to your successor. Respectfully, &c." The droll understrapper closed the correspondence with this parting shot: "Sir: The revenues for this office for the quarter ending Sept. 30, have been 95 cents; its expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine, was $1,05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully."

### Miss Meredith's Shoes.

A Newbern (N. C.) paper relates that the other evening Miss Meredith, in preparing the articles of dress necessary for her impersonation of Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons," at the theatre, accidently omitted to put into her basket a pair of shoes. She did not discover the omission until after she reached the theatre, and was nearly ready to go on. There was time to repair the error if the little darkey who waited upon her would hurry back to her lodgings and get them at once; so the servant was immediately sent. But the curtain rose on the first act before the little darkey returned, and Beauseant was doing the agreeable to the fair Pauline, when he and the audience were both somewhat discomposed by the appearance on the stage of a character not mentioned in the bills. It was the little negro, who, advancing across the stage to where Pauline was sitting, presented the shoes, neatly wrapped up, saying, "I run all de way, missus, but I guess dese is um!" There was much "lafture."

### A Cool Proposition.

At the breaking up of a fashionable party at the west end of town, one of the company said he was about to "drop in" at Lady Blessington's, whereupon a young gentleman, a perfect stranger to the speaker, very modestly said, "Oh, then, you can take me with you; I want very much to know her, and you can introduce me." While the other was standing aghast at the impudence of the proposal, and muttering something about being but a slight acquaintance himself, etc, Sidney Smith observed, "Pray oblige our young friend; you can do it easily enough by introducing him in a capacity very desirable at this close season of the year—say you are bringing with you the cool of the evening."

### An Introduction.

A friend relates the following occurrence, which, he suggests, is worth printing: The other day a town boy was showing the "sights" of Napoleon to a tall friend from the rural districts. The two stepping into a store, encountered a nice young lady, an acquaintance of our townsman, whom he naturally felt proud in introducing to his rural friend. "Mr. Smith," said he, "this is Miss Jones" Smith looked alternately at the pretty creature and at the door behind him for a minute, as if calculating his chances of escape, and finally gasped, "Is it?" The bystanders went out then, and so we didn't learn any further particulars.

---

A Western paper lately published an address by Mr. Brown, and in his next issue noted the following correction:

"For 'dum swizzle,' please read 'prominence.'"

This was bad enough, but the next week the same paper has the following:

"In an advertisement which appeared in our last paper, for 'Bumbleton's storm-destroying porringers,' read 'Hamilton's worm-destroying lozenges.'"

---

St. Paul.—"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old Saints and the Apostles.

"Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience's sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

---

Much of a Physician.—Two young men from the country were sauntering down School street, Boston, when the attention of one was arrested by the bronze statue of Franklin. "What is that?" he inquired of his companion; who replied: "That is the statue of Dr. Franklin." "Dr. Franklin! Dr. Franklin!" said the young man. "Was he much of a physician?"

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It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this story was told by Lord Stranford, observed, "Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

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"I'm going to ride *at* the country," said a Frenchman, whose English was not very perfect, to a friend in town. "You should say ride *in* the country," remarked the friend. "Ah! yes—very good," responded the Frenchman; "and when I come back I will knock *in* your door."

---

Natural.—Mrs. Smith, hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she snored in her sleep. "I don't know, marm," replied Becky, quite innocently, "I never lay awake long enough to diskiver."

---

Rather A-curate.—It is strange that the church dignitaries the further they advance in their profession, become the more incorrigible; at least, before they have gone many steps, they may be said to be past a cure.

---

Money's Worth.—A rich upstart once asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the reply.

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Host (Mr. Jones)—"Glad to see yer feed so beautiful, Mrs. B———!"
Guest (Mrs. Brown)—"Thank yer, Mr. J———! I'm doin' lovely!"

### A BEGGING LETTER.

My dear To-morrow—I can think
  Of little else to do,
And so I take my pen and ink
  To drop a line to *you*.
To-morrow dear, I'm ill at ease
  Concerning you to-day;
So let me have an answer, please—
  *Réponder, s'il vous plait!*

I long to like you very much;
  But then it will depend
On whether you behave "as such"—
  (I mean, dear, as a *friend*).
To make *me* happy is a task
  So easy to obey;
But will you bring me what I ask?
  *Réponder, s'il vous plait!*

I hope you'll recollect your purse;
  For be it understood
That matters—though they might be worse—
  Are very far from good.
And, if you have a little gold
  You care to throw away,
Why then—but am I over bold?
  *Réponder, s'il vous plait!*

A little—just a little—fame
  You might contrive to bring
(I rather think a poet's name
  Would be a pleasant thing).
And yet, perhaps, as I have got
  No mortal claim to lay
To such a gift, you'd rather not?
  *Réponder, s'il vous plait!*

Well, dear To-morrow, you may strike
  A line through the above,
And bring me folks that I can like
  And folks that I can love.
A warmer heart—a quicker brain—
  I'll ask for, if I may:
To-morrow, shall I ask in vain?
  *Réponder, s'il vous plait!*

---

Among the improvements in London is the building of embankments along certain parts of the river Thames. Between Hungerford and Waterloo bridges a space of more than four hundred feet of dirty slime will be reclaimed from the river by embankment. Along this wide space it is intended to build a crescent-shaped row of fine shops, with a belt of trees planted in the centre of the embankment.

---

A Broken Promise.—"Sir, you have broken your promise," said one gentleman to another. "Oh, never mind, I can make another just as good."

# AGRICULTURAL.

### Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Feeding Philosophy.

That there is a true and an erroneous philosophy in feeding both ourselves and all manner of domestic animals dependent upon us for food, is unquestionable, and every day science is developing new facts, disclosing our old errors, and teaching a better philosophy in feeding humanity as well as horned cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry.

So far as human bipeds are concerned, while perverted appetites and preposterous cook-books rule the cuisine there is little promise of improvement in our feeding. But with stock feeding, we shall be readier to accept the sounder philosophy that teaches us to bring about maximum results from minimum means.

Farmers of 1866 are doing vastly better in the way of feeding stock than farmers used to do when the rule was to pitch a hundred of hay down into the mire of a filthy barnyard, pour out corn in the ear, smash a dozen pumpkins on the ground, or scatter whole turnips, rutabagas and mangolds among their stock, thinking they had fed them properly because they had been supplied liberally—saying, or at least thinking to themselves:

"There you are! Pitch in—help yourselves, and grow fat," and not unfrequently wondering why their stock did not grow fat with so much to eat. Farmers have a good while since been learned that it is not the quantity, but the quality of food given and the proper manner of preparing it that affords the best results in feeding, and consequently the most liberal profit, and interest being the governing principle, we may confidently look for further improvements in feeding until perfection has been achieved.

The secret of nourishment obtained from roots and the various kinds of grain eaten by our domestic animals is far less dependent upon the quantity given than upon the correct application of every particle fed to its proper office as an atom of aliment. All our grains and esculent roots affording flour, are composed of minute globules ranging in diameter from the two thousandth part of an inch in wheat, to the fourteenth thousandth, and often more than that, in the potato.

Now as nutritious property of all grains, seeds and tuberous roots is sealed up in these minute, hard shelled balls, the breaking them by some means in order to utilize the nutriment thus shut up is a necessity. But as no mill ever has, or will be invented that will grind down to the five, or three thousandth part of an inch with any appreciable uniformity, of course the flour globules pass unbroken, and to secure the proper effect of the food particles thus hermetically hidden, other means of rupturing the shells must be resorted to, and we employ heat or fermentation, as in bread baking, and the boiling, roasting and stewing of roots.

As, however, the natural heat of the animal stomach, and action of the gastric juices are quite sufficient to rupture the globules composing almost all our edible roots, the preparation by artificial heat is far less a necessity with vegetable or root food than with that afforded by any of the grains. Washing and cutting fine is about all that is required. Vigorous digestion will perform the rest.

From late, and thorough experiments made on these flour globules by M. Raspail, author of "Organic Chemistry," and M. Biot of the French Academy of Science, we have a clear demonstration of the subjoined facts.

"1. That the globules constituting meal, flour and starch, whether contained in grain or roots, are incapable of affording any nourishment as animal food, until they are broken.

"2. That no mechanical method of breaking or grinding, is more than partly efficient.

"3. That the most efficient means of breaking the globules is by heat, by fermentation, or by the chemical agency of acids or alkalies.

"4. That the dextrine, which is the kernel, as it were, of each globule, is alone soluble, and therefore alone nutritive.

"5. That the shells of the globules, when reduced to fragments by mechanism or heat, are therefore not nutritive.

"6. That though the fragments of these shells are not nutritive, they are indispensable to digestion, either from their distending the stomach, or from some other cause not understood; it having been found by experiment that concentrated food nourishment, such as sugar or essence of beef, cannot long sustain life without some mixture of coarser or less nutritive food.

"7. That the economical preparation of all food containing globules or fecula, consists in perfectly breaking the shells, and rendering the dextrine contained in them soluble and digestible; while the fragments of the shells are at the same time rendered more bulky, so as the more readily to fill the stomach."

Thus it will be seen that the true philosophy of feeding all kinds of grain to animals is first to grind, and then cook, or scald thoroughly.

Hot-Beds.

So imperfectly is the proper construction and management of an ordinary forcing hot-bed for forwarding early vegetables understood by the majority of farmers, and even market gardeners of considerable experience, that a large majority of these absolute necessities in all frigid regions, are so misconstructed and managed as to be really worse than useless; a good, healthy vegetable, produced naturally, being always preferable to a puny, sickly one, murdered in an ill-arranged, mismanaged hot-bed.

It is a pity that this should be so, when the exercise of ordinary common sense and a few words of instruction would remedy the many hot-bed mistakes so universally made. We acquired our knowledge of hot-bed architecture and economy, a good many years since, from B. K. Bliss, seedsman and florist, of Springfield, Mass. Our hot-bed practice has ever since been a satisfactory success, and as the season for preparing these primary schools for early vegetables is near at hand, a bit of as seasonable advice as we can present to every one intending to have early and extra good vegetables the coming season, we copy the latest instructions of Mr. Bliss on hot-bed building and management, assuring the reader that the authority is in every respect reliable:

"Sow in heat—sow in a hot bed," are directions so commonly found in the notices of half-hardy annuals, that we feel we should be materially aiding those who are their own gardeners if we give a few simple directions on the subject of a hot-bed, composed of stable manure, the most frequent and useful form in which it is to be found.

*The preparation of the dung* is a matter of great importance, and if the bed be expected to retain its usefulness for any great length of time, it should be well worked previous to being used. If obtained fresh from the stable yard, and found to be too dry, it should be well watered, and thrown lightly together to ferment; this will take place in the course of a few days, and three or four days afterwards it should be completely turned, well shaken, and mixed, keeping the more littery portion to the interior of the heap; a second turning and watering may be necessary, although one will generally be found sufficient. When thus cleaned of its rankness, the *bed* may be made.

The situation should be dry underneath, sheltered from the north, and fully exposed to the sun. It should be built up from two feet six inches to four feet high, and wider by six inches every way than the frame to be placed upon it. The dung should be well shaken and mixed while being put together, and firmly pressed by the feet.

The frame should be kept close until the heat rises, and three or four inches of sifted sand or ashes should be placed on the surface of the bed; in a few days it will be ready for use; but air should be given night and day while there is any danger from the rank steam, and if the sand or ashes are drawn away from the side of the bed, they should be replaced.

When the hot-bed is to be used for seeds only, nothing further is necessary. They should be sown in pots or pans placed or plunged in the bed, the heat of which will soon cause them to germinate. As this will after some time decline, what are called linings should be added, that is, fresh, fermenting (but not rank) dung, applied about a foot in width all round the bed. This renews its strength, and will greatly aid its successful management.

A Cold Frame is formed by placing the ordinary hot-bed frame upon a bed of rich soil, in some place in the garden where it will be protected from the cold winds. They should both be shaded with mats from the hot sun during the middle of the day.

# RECEIPTS.

### Original.

Johnny Cake.

One quart of sour or buttermilk, a little salt, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, corn meal enough for a stiff batter, one teaspoonful of soda, if a rich cake is desired add two well beaten eggs, bake three-quarters of an hour.

Apple Charlotte.

Two pounds of apples pared and cored, slice them into a pan, add one pound of loaf sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the rind of one grated, boil all together until it becomes thick, which it will do in two hours, turn it into a mould and serve cold with either a rich custard or cream.

Tea Cakes.

Three quarts of flour, four cups full of sugar, five eggs, one cup full of butter, nutmeg and cinnamon, roll and cut into cakes and bake.

Light Biscuits.

Rub four ounces of butter well into eight ounces of flour; add six ounces of sugar, the yolk of two eggs, the white of one, and a tablespoonful of brandy; roll the paste thin and cut it with a cutter, rub the top with the white of the egg, and sprinkle white sugar on them, and bake in a warm oven.

Biscuits for Invalids.

Melt three-quarters of a pound of butter in a pint of new milk, and pour it on three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, when cool put in a half dessert spoonful of yeast, and a whole one of carraway seed, add flour sufficient to make it a stiff paste, roll them very thin, pick them and bake.

Rheumatism.

Half ounce of flower of sulphur, half ounce of flower of mustard, and of honey or molasses sufficient quantity to form an electuary, then take about the size of a nutmeg several times during the day, drinking after it a pint of the decoction of lovage root. L. A. D.

### Selected.

Lobster Salad.—Extract the fish from the shell, place it in the centre of the dish in which it is to be served, in the form of a pyramid; arrange the salad round tastefully, and add salad mixture. This dish is not infrequently garnished with the smallest claws of the fish. This is a matter of fancy—or thus:—The first row is formed of cut cucumbers, the second of eggs boiled hard, and each egg split into four pieces, and the points laid round the salad; the third and bottom row is composed of slices of beets and lobsters, garnished with parsley.

Scolloped Oysters.—Toast several slices of bread quite brown, and butter them on both sides; take a baking dish, and put the toast around the sides instead of a crust. Pour your oysters into the dish, and season to your taste with butter, pepper, and salt, adding mace or cloves. Crumb bread on the top of the oysters, and bake it with a quick heat about fifteen minutes.

Boiled Lobster.—Select a fat live lobster, have ready a pot of boiling water, throw in a handful of salt; a medium sized lobster is the best, put it tail foremost in the pot, and boil it forty minutes. It must be entirely cooked, or it is indigestible. They are not fit to eat more than twelve hours after they are cooked, and should be eaten as soon as cold. When quite cold take it out of the shell, remove the intestine running through the body, and the spongy parts about the head; keep it as whole as possible, crack the large claws and take out the meat, but lay the small ones around the lobster. Garnish it with parsley, and when dressed with fresh green salad, mustard, and other condiments, is highly esteemed.

Pickled Oysters.—Take one hundred good freshly opened oysters, scald them up once in their own juice, skim it while they scald, then take them out and lay them in a dish to cool, strain the liquor, and boil it with half a pint of the best white wine vinegar, and one pint of white wine, one peeled onion chopped very finely, one ounce of white pepper, whole grains, half an ounce of allspice, whole also, a few blades of mace, and a half a teaspoonful of salt; boil this for five minutes, and when quite cool, strain it and pour over the oysters. They will keep for weeks. Be careful to keep the saucepan covered whilst the juice is boiling, or the strength of the vinegar and spice will evaporate. Cover up tightly the jar containing the oysters.

# THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 8, 10, 13, is a part of the body.
My 7, 11, 3, 5, 1, is a month.
My 6, 4, 12, is a part of the body.
My 12, 2, 11, 5, 1, is a kind of fish.
My 13, 12, 4, 9, is a vehicle.
My 8, 3, 7, is a part of the body.
My 13, 8, 5, 6, is a kind of fish.
My 13, 2, 6, is an animal.
My whole is a distinguished Tennesseean.

S. H. G.

### Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Behead me and I am a lady's name.
Again curtail and I am a goddess in Pagan mythology.
Omit my third and I am a plant, and a drink.
My whole is a delightful and fashionable exercise. EMILY.

*Baltimore, Md.*

### Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Returning home from business cares,
  A stranger met me by the way—
Saluting me, he hastened on
  And reached my first, ere close of day.
A beauteous river, famed in song,
  By Caledonia claimed—
Which Scotland's ploughman poet loved—
  Reveals my second's name.
My third—when guided by a mind
  Of loyalty and power—
Has battled for our nation's rights
  In treasons darkest hour.
Where interlacing branches form
  A glorious canopy,
Imperious to Sol's scorching beams,
  My fourth, and last you'll see.

A legacy from honored sires—
  My whole should ever prove,
A sacred link, to bind our hearts
  *In unity* and *love*.

*West Chester, Pa.* R. H. WALTER.

### Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An engine without a train can go 24 miles an hour, and its speed is diminished by a quantity which varies as the square root of the number of wagons attached. With 4 wagons its speed is 20 miles an hour. Required—the greatest number of wagons the engine can move.

GILL. BATES.

*Cambridge, Henry county, Ill.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Tide Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the time of high water at San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 31, 1866.

JAMES M. GREENWOOD.

*Paulvills, Adair Co., Mo.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the earth to be a perfect sphere of 8,000 miles diameter, and A and B start at the same time from opposite extremities of a diameter, and describe two great circles to each other at an angle of 60 degrees; A travelling 40 miles a day, and B travelling 50 miles a day. Required—the number days they have been travelling when they are 5,000 miles apart.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ If you were to ride upon a donkey, what fruit would you resemble? Ans.—A pear (pair.)

☞ What part did the sphinx take in ancient warfare? Ans.—It riddled the enemy.

☞ What is always invisible, yet never out of sight? Ans.—The letter S.

☞ What small animal becomes a large one by being beheaded? Ans.—Fox—ox.

☞ Why might sailors be naturally supposed to be little men? Ans.—Because they can sleep in their watches.

☞ What gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor?" Ans.—A draught.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Sardanapalus. ENIGMA—The letter U. ENIGMA—Madam.

M u M. (Mum.)
A nn A. (Anna.)
Dee D. (Deed.)
A nan A. (Anana(
M ini M. (Minim.)

CHARADE—Blanket. (Blank—et.)

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM of Dec. 16th—426937777. Gill Bates, Morgan Stevens, J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Dec. 23rd—Sides are 75.591, 36,742 and 38.956 rods. Radius of circle 24.31 rods. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Artemas Martin's same date—1,00695. A. Martin.

An instance of the sagacity of animals is given by the *Propagateur du Nord*. At a farm, near St. Amant, was a colt, three years old, of a very high temper, but peculiarly gentle with a little boy who had been in the habit of bringing him bits of bread. One day a servant of the farm heard a cry from the yard, and, looking out of the window, perceived that the child had fallen into a water cask. She lost no time in rushing to the rescue, but on arriving below found that she had been anticipated by the horse, which had caught up the child by his dress and withdrawn him from the water. The owner now declares that he will never part with the animal.